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GUIDE  
TO THE  
TYROL

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# Guide to the Tyrol :

COMPRISING

PEDESTRIAN TOURS

MADE IN

TYROL, STYRIA, CARINTHIA,  
AND SALZKAMMERGUT,

DURING THE SUMMERS OF 1852 AND 1853.

TOGETHER WITH A SKELETON MAP OF THE COUNTRY.

BY

RICHARD STEPHEN CHARNOCK.



LONDON:

W. J. ADAMS, 59, FLEET STREET, [E.C.]

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

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1857.



## PREFACE.

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My First Tour commences in the summer of 1852. Arrived at the foot of the Tyrolese Alps, I fared onward on foot, traversing some of the most picturesque valleys, and visiting the chief cities and places in Tyrol. It will be seen that I entered that country by way of Cologne, Ulm, and Reutte, and returned to England by Landeck, Bregenz, and Friederichshafen. But at the end of this Tour, although I must have walked nearly 500 miles, I found that I had seen but little of this lovely land, and knew next to nothing about it.

In the month of August, 1853, I re-shouldered my knapsack, and set out on a second pilgrimage.



Desirous of avoiding as much as possible the ground I had already gone over, and to enter Tyrol by a different route, I proceeded by way of Paris, Strasbourg, Freiburg (in the Breisgau), the Black Forest, Schaffhausen, Constance, and Bregenz.

My Second Tour was not confined to Tyrol, for it will be seen that I also traversed a large portion of the neighbouring countries, viz.:— Styria, Carinthia, Salzkammergut, &c.; and I strongly advise any one visiting Tyrol, to follow my example. This Second Tour occupied some ten weeks, during which period I must have walked between 1,000 and 1,200 miles. I have merely set down a few of the principal features of the scenery, adding a slight anecdote of manners or people, without aiming at any perfect portraiture of either.

I think it will be found that I have removed one of the difficulties of the traveller,

by giving some useful information as to the monies current in Tyrol; and that the matter contained in the following pages will enable the pedestrian not only to make his way through every inch of Tyrol, but likewise through a large portion of the picturesque scenery in its vicinity.

For particular information as to Railways, Steam Packets, and other Conveyances, I must refer the reader to "Bradshaw's Continental Guide," without which no traveller in Europe should leave England, not only on account of its great utility, but because it saves the burden of two or three octavo volumes.

R. S. C.

GRAY'S INN SQUARE,

*June, 1857.*



## ABBREVIATIONS AND GLOSSARY.

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Abendsessen	..	..	Supper.
Ach	..	..	A brook or torrent.
Alp or Alm	..	..	{ Generally means the pastures on the side of a mountain.
Arr.	..	..	Arrival.
Bach	..	..	Brook.
Berg	..	..	Mountain.
Bet.	..	..	Between.
Bisale	..	..	{ A corruption of G. bisschen, a little bite, a little.
Burg	..	..	Castle.
C. M.	..	..	Convention Münz. (See Money.)
Schop.	..	..	{ Schoppen (a measure containing nearly a pint.)
Dep.	..	..	Departure.
Dil.	..	..	Diligence.
Dist.	..	..	Distance.
Eilwagen	..	..	A sort of Diligence.
Ferner	..	..	The Tyrolese word for Glacier.
Fl. ..	..	..	Florin (usually called Gulden.)
Frühstück	..	..	Breakfast.
G. M.	..	..	German miles.
Gasthaus, Gasthof	..	..	Hotel.
Gast Zimmer	..	..	Guest's Chamber, the Public Room.
Gletscher	..	..	Glacier.
H. ..	..	..	Hour.
Joeh or Tauern	..	..	{ A depression in a mountain, used for the passage of cattle, &c.

Kellnerin	..	..	Waiting-maid.
Kies	..	..	{ A glacier so called in Styria and Carinthia.
Klamme	..	..	
Klause	..	..	A cleft in the mountains.
Kogel	..	..	A defile, a narrow pass.
Kogel	..	..	The cone-like summit of a mountain.
Kr.	..	..	Kreuzer.
Leichte stunde	..	..	A light (short) hour.
Mittags	..	..	Dinner.
Ober	..	..	Over.
Polizei	..	..	Police Office.
Ranken and Fetzen	..	..	Sometimes used for G. stück, a piece, a bit
Reise-pass, pass, or Schrift	..	..	Passport.
Schwere stunde	..	..	A heavy (long) hour.
See	..	..	Lake.
Sit.	..	..	Situation, situated.
Spitze	..	..	Mountain peak.
St.	..	..	Stunde, an hour, an hour's walk.
Stellwagen	..	..	A cheap conveyance.
Tauern	..	..	(See Joch.)
Th.	..	..	Thaler (dollar.)
Thal	..	..	Valley.
Thor	..	..	The highest part of a pass.
Unter	..	..	Under.
Wald	..	..	Wood.
Wand	..	..	A wall, precipice.
Wirth	..	..	Host.
Wirthin	..	..	Hostess.
Wirthshaus	..	..	Road-side inn.
Zimmer	..	..	Chamber, sleeping-room.

## GUIDE TO THE TYROL.



**A** FIRST visit to the Tyrol is an event in life. In picturesqueness and primitive simplicity, the Tyrol is unrivalled by any other country in Europe; and once visited, it is impossible to write of this chosen home of liberty without enthusiasm, or to think over its magnificent mountain passes and glorious valleys without thankfulness that there should be one land in the heart of Europe as yet uncorrupted by the professional tourist. When I add that the peasantry are the most thoroughly honest race existing, and that all the necessities of the pedestrian are supplied in abundance and at least three times as cheap as elsewhere on the ordinary continental routes, my terms of commendation will not be thought exaggerated. A country that makes a constant call upon our admiration, and the smallest appeal to the purse, may well be termed a little paradise.

Tyrol is bounded on the north by Bavaria; on the south by Italy; on the east by the Venetian territory, Carinthia, and Salzburg; and on the west by Switzerland; and is surrounded on nearly all sides by mountains. It may be reached either by way of Paris, Strasbourg, Freiburg, and Schaffhausen; or by Frankfort, Ulm, and Friederichshafen; and from Schaffhausen or Friederichshafen to Bregenz in the Vorarlberg; by Ulm, Kempten, Füssen, and Reutte; by Ulm, Augsburg, and Munich; and by Augsburg, Kempten, Immenstadt, and Weissenbach in the Lech Thal.

It can be entered by Rosenheim (in Bavaria), or by Salzburg (in Austria), and Kuffstein; or from Peschiera on the Lago di Garda; one of the best routes by way of Switzerland being through the Engaddin to Nauders, and thence to the celebrated Finstermünz Pass.

The scenery of the Tyrol much resembles that of Switzerland, and consists principally of lofty, green, and snow-clad mountains, innumerable valleys, precipitous passes, glaciers, and waterfalls. The post-roads are sometimes carried through the valleys, and occasionally over stupendous mountains and passes.

Among the most beautiful valleys are the Val di Sole, Val di Non, Oetz Thal, Tefferecken Thal, Grödner Thal, Gader Thal, Schnalzer Thal, Inn Thal, Val di Adige, Fassa Thal, Ziller Thal, Stubay Thal, and Stanzer Thal.

The principal Ferner (glaciers) are the Oetzthal, the Pasterze, the Alpeiner, the Stubayer, and the Suldner. It may here be as well to observe, that in German a glacier is called *gletscher*, in Tyrol *ferner*, and in Carinthia *kies*. Some of the highest mountains are the Ortler Spitze, 14,400 feet above the level of the sea; the Wild Spitze, 11,580 feet; the Hoch Wilde Eis Spitze, 11,511 feet; the Gross Glockner, 11,462 feet; the Similaun Spitze, 11,407 feet; the Hoch Fürst Spitze, 10,453 feet; the Glockthurn, 10,284 feet; Monte Stelvio (called also the Wörmser Joch and Stilfser Joch), 9,272 feet; the Rems Spitze, 9,868 feet; the Wildgrad Kog, 9,124 feet; the Reiche Spitze, 9,080 feet; and the Hoch Joch, 8,000. With the exception of the *Ortler Spitze* and *Monte Stelvio*, the above calculations are in German instead of English feet; the German foot being somewhat longer than ours. Of course I do not here allude to the human foot, and particularly that of the German ladies, who have, generally speaking, very small feet.

The costumes of the people differ in almost every valley, and as you often traverse more than one valley in the same day, it is somewhat difficult to describe them. Suffice it to say, that the women usually wear short stuff gowns and jacket, red or grey stockings, short petticoats. Round their waists they have leather bands, on the back part of which is usually worked



their christian and surname, so that I expect they would not be at all astonished if a stranger addressing one of them for the first time, should say, "Gut Morgen Gretchen." They wear every imaginable sort of head-dress; in some Thals (valleys), only a handkerchief thrown negligently over the head; in others, a Leghorn hat with an immense brim; in some a woollen cap in shape resembling the dome of St. Paul's; others wear caps of wool or fur, which might be likened to that of the august personage who usually *faces* the window of our Lord Mayor's carriage. In some Thals they wear round black velvet caps; in others a black or green cloth hat, like that of an Italian brigand. In the Ziller Thal, both men and women wear hats of the latter description, the only difference being that the men adorn theirs with a large yellow bell-rope and tassel; the women, however, sometimes do the same. The *wirthin* (the hostess of an inn) has always an immense bunch of keys suspended to one side of her gown, and a large leather bag with a lock, in which to keep her money, on the other side. The men also wear every description of hat, which they generally ornament with a feather and a bunch of beautiful flowers; indeed, one might as well expect to meet a dog without a tail as a Tyroler without a bunch of flowers in his hat. Their dress usually consists of a short brown jacket, breeches down to the knee (with a case containing three knives in the

side pocket), stockings from *below* the knee (leaving a couple of inches of bare leg between the breeches and the stockings), down to the heel *only*, thick shoes, *immense* leather braces in connexion with a leather belt (weighing somewhat less than a cwt.) round the stomach, with the christian and surname of the owner, or the words "Jesu Maria" worked in front. In the different Thals, however, the dress varies. In the Puster Thal, I noticed that on fast days, &c., the peasants wore a sort of Chinese slipper, worked in the front. One scarcely ever meets a peasant (male or female) on the road, without a large red or blue umbrella, with heavy brass top and bottom. In the Puster Thal, the most fashionable umbrella is made of a mop stick and coarse white canvass, the handle being usually held downwards.

The language of North Tyrol is German; and Italian is spoken in the south; the pronunciation being by no means first-rate, and extremely broad. The German "A" is nearly always pronounced as "O," and the Italian "C" before E and I, like our English C, instead of like our *ch* in *child*, as it should be pronounced. In some of the valleys in the north, however, other languages are spoken; for instance, in the Enneberg (Gader Thal), and in the Grödner Thal, they speak a jargon made up of low German, Italian, French, Spanish, and other languages. As to the pursuits of the peasantry, most of them are busily engaged in

## GUIDE TO THE TYROL.

agriculture—they, in fact, cultivate every patch of land up to the snow line. Some are shepherds, cow-herds, or chamois-herds; others are employed in making wine or schnapps, or in cutting and carrying timber, or constructing wooden houses, many of which are taken in pieces to Bregenz for exportation. In some parts (particularly in the south) the inhabitants are engaged in the culture of the silk-worm and the manufacture of hemp; a vast number of people (women as well as men) are continually at work constructing new roads and repairing old ones.

AUGUST 15, 1852.—Accompanied by my knapsack (containing three shirts, four pair of socks, and a few other articles), a Continental Bradshaw, a "Foreign-office Passport," visé for Austria, and a strong green umbrella, I left London this evening, and on the morning of the fourth day arrived at Füssen (in Bavaria) *vid* Dover, Calais, Lille, Cologne, Frankfort, Ulm, and Kempten. In this portion of my tour, I will merely remark, firstly, that although *vid* Ostend, is the nearest and most direct route, I much prefer that *vid* Calais, on account of the shortness of the passage; secondly, on arriving at Lille, early in the morning, I would advise the traveller to be taking a cup of coffee at the railway station, as he will have to pay the price of a dinner at the Palais Royal; lastly, if bound for Cologne, not to be looking

after his luggage at *Aix la Chapelle*, because while thus engaged, the train and his traps may go off without him, as only the luggage for *Aix* is there searched, and that for Cologne on arriving at that city; the traveller may not relish stopping the night at *Aix* without his travelling necessities.

To proceed—the scenery on the railroad, between Stuttgart and Ulm, is exceedingly picturesque, and a delightful walk might be taken here. It would not, however, be safe to walk *alone*; and this remark will also apply to Bavaria. From Ulm to Kempten and Füssen (seventy-six miles), I took the *eilwagen*; leaving Ulm at half-past twelve, P.M. In the course of a few hours I was first struck at the sight of the Bavarian Alps, seen distinctly grand and towering, at a distance of at least forty miles. The same evening I arrived at Kempten, and after supping at the *Bahnhof* (railway station),\* took the *eilwagen* to Füssen. At two, A.M., I caught sight of the Tyrolese Alps; and at five, arrived at Füssen.

I would here remark, that in this route the French language will not carry the traveller further than Frankfort or Stuttgart, after which he must commence speaking German—good or bad; the broader he speaks the better he will be understood.

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\* The *eilwagen* from Ulm drives up to the station, and that for Füssen starts from the same place.

AUGUST 19.—Breakfasted, and started on foot for Reutte.\* At this time I had no other guide than Bradshaw's Map of Europe, and a determination to overcome all obstacles. In about three-quarters of an hour I came to a village on the Austrian frontier, where my passport and luggage were duly examined. In half-an-hour more, I found myself completely locked in among the mountains that separate Tyrol from Bavaria. I now felt myself for the first time thoroughly *alone*; a delight which vacation rambles, who have been condemned to hear English ejaculations around them wherever they turn, can well understand. Yonder, were ruins as yet innocent of pic-nic parties, and here and there glimpses of a valley, lake, or streamlet, caught and refreshed the sight as I advanced—the whole making a delicious prelude to the enchantment about to commence. After a walk of three hours, I reached Reutte. This little town is pleasant and well situated on a pretty little stream,—the Lech: but before stopping to admire it, I considered it advisable to dine. What says the Wirth? I enter his house. Vegetables, soup, kalbsbraten (roast veal), and a salad, in every way unexceptional, are his practical responses to my appeal. For this, and two choppins of wine, I pay thirty kreutzers (about tenpence English), and stare. An excellent dinner, including little less than

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\* Pronounced *Ryty* and *Royty*.

a bottle of very drinkable wine, for that amount? The traveller becomes good humoured immediately, and orders a final choppin, to do honour to his leave-taking with his honest landlord.

I would here remark, that the ordinary price for a dinner of soup, meat, and salad, or baked potatoes, is about eighteen kreutzers; and for a choppin (that is a third of a bottle) of wine, six kreutzers.\* At about an hour's walk from Reutte is a beautiful waterfall, called the Staübi, formed by a stream issuing out of two small lakes, which is well worthy of a visit.

This, my first day in the Tyrol, I was charmed with the inborn politeness and joyful intelligence of the people. I met scarcely a person who did not wish me good day, good evening, &c., &c. Everybody is willing to give the traveller all the information he requires, and is desirous of having a chat with him. This remark, as to politeness, does not apply to the soldiery, who are all Austrians (not Tyrolese). These gentlemen are by no means civil, and are exceedingly stupid. At about every thirty or forty miles, and, as I afterwards found, near most of the frontier towns and villages, these barbarians have what they call a "gendarmerie caserne," where they eat, drink, smoke, sleep, and

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\* In 1853, in consequence of a disease in the grapes, wine was much dearer than usual—it having risen to eight, and in some parts to ten and twelve, kreutzers the choppin.

strut about with great satisfaction to themselves and inconvenience to others. It was not long before I had notice of the presence of some of these fellows. I had just left Reutte, and having passed a pretty little lake, was ascending the pass called the Ehrenberger Klause, when suddenly I was stopped by two armed soldiers, who asked me for my "Schrift" (my passport), my name, whence I had come, where I was going, and my business. Under the circumstances I thought it prudent to satisfy them, and I would advise any future traveller never to refuse the required information, as I learnt from every peasant I met that these soldiers are authorized to act in this manner in order to stop fugitives crossing the frontier. The Ehrenberger pass, before alluded to, is defended by a fortress of the same name, and was (say the Guide Books) considered to be impregnable until taken in 1546, during the Smalkaldian war; and again, in 1552, by Maurice, of Saxony.

At the summit of the mountain, to the right, is a road which conducts through the Klausen Wald to Weissenbach, in the Lech Thal. In about two hours after leaving Reutte, I arrived at a village called Heiterwang, and in one hour more at Lähn. At the latter village I entered a wirthshaus, where I rested myself for an hour or two, and indulged in two chop-pins of wine to assist a pleasant colloquy with the hostess. I had not been under her roof ten minutes,

when suddenly I felt something tickling the calf of my leg; I imagined the offender to be a kitten at play, but turning round, I discovered this good lady in the act. Was this a Tyrolean manner of wooing? Alas, no! she was only examining, what she termed, "the beautiful English wool" of Mein Herr's socks. Not content with this, she was curious to look into "Mein Herr's beautifully made knapsack," and was much pleased at an inspection of the English coinage, and the portrait of her Majesty; but when, in answer to her numerous questions, I told her that I had come 900 English miles to visit Tyrol—the speed of our railways, and that the population of our chief city amounted to 2,500,000, her astonishment and admiration were delightfully naïve. After this, she herself helped me to shoulder and buckle up the admired knapsack, and our mutual adieux were almost tender.

After leaving Lähn, and indeed during the remainder of my tour, I was every now and then forcibly struck with the numerous little epitaph-posts, erected on the way side to the memory of peasants who had met with an untimely end, either by the upsetting of a waggon, the fall of trees, or large masses of rock, the descent of avalanches, or the overflowing of streams. These posts are placed on the exact spot where the poor fellow has met with his death; and on a small tablet of wood is painted the accident as it occurred, in



the most unmistakeable manner. Above the figures of the peasants, and the causes of the disaster, appears our Saviour or the Virgin Mary, or one of the Saints or Apostles of the Church; and beneath, in poetry or prose, the name of the sufferer, the date of his death, and the way in which it occurred, ending with one or two pious reflections. In some parts of Tyrol, where avalanches are frequent, these memorials occur almost every hundred yards.

A little past Lähn the scenery becomes much grander. Towards the left is seen the Sonnen Berg, and directly in front the Zug Spitze (in Bavaria). A walk of about two hours more brought me to the little village of Lermoos, most delightfully situated; the Zug Spitze (which is 9,069 *German* feet above the level of the sea) towering behind it. Between this village and the foot of these two mountains is a plain, in which are to be seen several pretty little villages. At Lermoos (it is said), Lotharius II. died in a peasant's hut; but who Lotharius II. was I cannot inform my readers, not having, as is customary, crammed for the occasion.

AUGUST 20.—Started at five, A.M. The road winds and ascends to the summit of the pass, called Auf der Fern. During the whole of the way the scenery is grand in the extreme. Before arriving at Fern, two or three lakes are passed, the waters of which, from the

reflection of the trees, or some other cause, appeared to be perfectly green. The ancient fort, called Fernstein, built across the road, has been turned into a wirthshaus. Here I indulged in a choppin, and had a charming view of the ruins of the Castle of Sigismund, built on an island in the middle of a lake. In ancient times the pass of Fernstein prevented, they say, the advance of a hostile army for nearly two days.

Leaving Fern, the road makes a precipitous descent to the small town called Nassereith, about three hours' distance from Lermoos. Here are two good inns, from one of which starts the stellwagen for Innsbruck. From Nassereith, a road to the right branches off to Imst. In the evening I arrived at Telfs (about five hours' walk from Nassereith), where I put up for the night.

I might here say something about the taste of the people; for instance, in the lowest inn your dinner is never served up without a table napkin. The bed-chambers, although furnished in the rough, always exhibit taste. The bedsteads are of polished walnut; the beds are usually provided with three large comfortable pillows; the pillow-cases are edged with a common sort of lace, and underneath the side where they are tied, appears a piece of green silk. The sheets, and likewise the washing towels, are frequently bordered with a piece of rough lace. I cannot say much for

their washing utensils ; sometimes instead of a basin one is honoured with a pie dish, sometimes with a soup plate. In lieu of water jugs, one has a decanter or a glass mug holding about a quart of water. I have often remarked, that nearly all the German race seem to have a touch of hydrophobia, which they aptly translate *wasserscheu*.

AUGUST 21.—Started at seven, A.M., and arrived at the village of Zirl in three hours. Here one road leads to Imst ; another to Partenkirch, in Bavaria (en route to Munich) ; and the third is the post road to Innsbruck. The latter runs along the bank of the Inn, which is here very rapid ; Zirl is situated under the castle of Fragenstein. At the distance of about half-a-mile, on the road to Innsbruck is Martinswand, a buttress of the Sollstein, about 7,770 feet high.

Martinswand is rendered famous by the ascent made by the Emperor Max in pursuit of a chamois. The emperor (say tradition and the guide books) having missed his footing, rolled headlong to the very edge of the precipice, and would doubtless have been dashed to atoms, had he not been rescued from his perilous position by a daring hunter, named Zips. The spot where the emperor stood is marked by a wooden cross nearly 20 feet high. The Sollstein is 9,106 feet high ; the ascent, both difficult and dangerous, is often made from

**Zirl.** From the summit, a fine view is to be had over the Bavarian plains and the valley of the Inn. On arriving at Innsbruck, my passport was taken away from me by a gendarme, which obliged me on the following day to find out the "polizei" (police office), to obtain my visé for the next city I intended to visit. From Innsbruck there are numerous conveyances running daily to all parts of the Tyrol, &c., viz.: to Schwatz, Hall, and Kuffstein; to Zirl, Imst, and Reutte, to Munich; to Salzburg; and to Brixen and Bozen. The coaches are called eilwagen and stellwagen; the fare by the former is about twopence per mile, by the latter about a penny per mile.

It may be as well, however, to state, that in order to see the country, one must either walk or travel in an open carriage. On all the post roads leading out of Innsbruck, and indeed on most of the post roads in Tyrol, the electric telegraph has been established; they appear to do these things much cheaper than in England, for they manage with one wire, and the telegraph posts (which are very high and made of the larch) are simply stripped of the bark; when the road makes a curve, the wire is carried to the opposite side of the road, and sometimes across a meadow, afterwards joining the post road. My first idea on arriving at the capital was to purchase a map, which is one of the most useful guides in a walking tour. I should advise all travellers

to purchase the best (Mayr's), which they will find the cheapest in the end, inasmuch as the smaller maps do not always give the roads and paths, and the traveller may therefore be disposed to take a guide which I have not often found necessary to do in Tyrol.

At Innsbruck, there are several good hotels; the two largest are the Östreicher Hof and the Hotel du Soleil. I should, however, advise the pedestrian not to put up in the city, but to try the Sternwirth, over the new bridge, in the Unterdorf Mühsau, where he will find everything very good and the charges reasonable, and will get better attention than in a large hotel. The walk is not more than half a mile from the city. This inn is very well situated, and has a garden attached to it, where you can take your meals if you like, and have a pretty view of the river and the city.

The situation of Innsbruck is really fine. It is built on the left bank of the Inn, near its junction with the Sill, in a plain surrounded with mountains, the tops of many of which are always covered with snow; some of them upwards of 8,000 feet high. Many of the houses are built in the Italian style, with arcades beneath them, occupied by shops. Innsbruck is built 1,754 feet above the level of the sea, and contains 13,000 inhabitants. The *old* bridge over the Inn gives rise to the name of the city; and it was on this bridge, and in its neighbourhood, that Andreas Hofer, at the

head of the Tyrolese peasants, succeeded in completely repulsing the French. Higher up the river is a very fine suspension bridge, and on the opposite side of the Inn is the Unterdorf Mühsau, on the post road to Schwatz and Kuffstein on the one hand, and to Nasse-reith and Reutte on the other. With respect to the public buildings, there is the church, called the Hof Kirche, near the palace. This church contains the tomb of the Emperor Maximilian I., which is considered to be one of the finest monuments in Europe. On each side of the aisle is a row of colossal bronze figures, very beautifully executed, and representing the most distinguished members of the House of Hapsburg. On the left hand side of the church is the grave of Hofer, and also a marble statue of him by a Tyrolese artist. Adjoining this church is the palace, attached to which is a pretty garden, where, in the summer evenings, there is a capital band of music. Near these gardens, along the banks of the Inn, is the Ferdinand's Allee, used as a promenade.

Innsbruck has an university, where instruction is given gratuitously, and within the university is a museum well worth visiting. In one of the rooms are contained some interesting relics worn by Hofer at the time of his death ; also, a bust and portrait of him. In the Capuchin Church is a picture (by Louis Cranach) of a Madonna, believed by the peasants to possess miraculous

powers. The house, called "goldenes dach" (golden roof), is a very curious building; the oriel window is covered with a roof of gilt copper. I believe there is some singular story connected with the foundation of this house. The Neustadt is a fine street, in which are situated the principal hotels, the post-office, &c. &c. In the public cemetery, attached to the Spital Church, is the tomb of Collin, the sculptor, and several very fine monuments and bas-reliefs. The old fashioned house, called the Goldener Adler, was once the residence of Hofer.\*

AUGUST 24.—Started from Innsbruck at four P.M., and walked to Sterzing. The road from Innsbruck winds for some time over a lofty mountain, from the summit of which it is well to take a view of the city, which looks exceedingly fine. The road passes over the Schönberg and the Brenner pass. The view from the summit of the Schönberg I consider one of the finest in Tyrol. Near Schönberg is the entrance to the Stubay Thal, which I passed. Though small, it is considered in point of picturesqueness most exquisite. But I had beauty before me and around me, and could

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\* Since this tour, the first railroad in the Tyrol has been projected, and is now being constructed. The line in question is from Innsbruck to Hall, Schwatz, and Kuffstein, in connexion with the lines now constructing from Kuffstein to Rosenheim and Munich, and Rosenheim and Salzburg.

afford to leave this in the rear. This being Sunday, I passed numerous peasants, all dressed out in their best, bearing towards the church, at five o'clock in the morning.

The scenery between Schönberg and Steinach, is very grand. At this latter village, at an inn called the Steinbock, are shown the bed and chamber in which Hofer slept the night before the battle of Isel, fought in 1809. At Steinach the valley becomes more contracted; after passing a small lake to the left, I arrived at the Brenner, where I was caught in a terrific snow storm, which compelled me to put up for an hour or two at the small inn at the summit of the pass. The Brenner is 4,775 feet above the level of the sea. The pass is surrounded by heights, and is desolate, rugged, and awful. Behind the inn is a small stream, which, rushing down, gives birth to the river Eisach, and afterwards falls into the Etsch (Adige). On the other side of the road is a cascade formed by the Sill. The storm over, I made the descent of the other side of the pass. After passing through a most beautiful glen, the village of Gossensass, and one or two little ruined castles perched up on the heights, in three hours more I reached Sterzing. Its pretty little church spire is seen at two miles' distance. These little spires are generally painted either red or green, and take the eye miles away; you are scarcely out of sight of one of them before the



point of another appears ; and farther on, another. They look homely and touching ; and the mind ever after associates them with all recollections of Tyrol scenery.

At Sterzing, I put up at the Krone. At the foot of the stairs I was astonished at a tremendous hum of human voices, and found, on arriving at the top, that some peasants were doing evening service in an immense ante-chamber or hall, whilst others were smoking and drinking in the adjoining gaststube (tap room). I had eaten a good dinner on the road, but considering that this amusing performance had taken place at half-past ten in the morning (the people usually dine from half-past ten to twelve), and that I had walked at least thirty miles, it will not be surprising if, at seven P.M., I discussed a substantial supper, and indulged in no less than three choppins of wine ; and, at the unsophisticated hour of eight, I retired to rest. My body slept, not so my mind, for all night long I dreamt of snow-clad mountains, green hills, lovely valleys, rushing torrents, terrific defiles, the magnificent Brenner pass, and the honest and noble peasantry, with which I had the good fortune to find myself thus closely intimate.

Sterzing is a very ancient town, containing 2,000 inhabitants. It became a place of some importance and wealth in the middle ages, in consequence of the rich mines of silver, lead, &c., in the neighbourhood. Many

of the ornamented houses in the long street (some of which deserve to be noticed) were erected by the miners. The church, outside the town, was built by contributions from the most wealthy miners in the fifteenth century. It is in the Gothic style, and contains many monuments and curious old pictures. Although the mines have long since ceased to be productive, Sterzing derives considerable prosperity from the constant traffic of goods and the number of travellers daily passing through it. It is situated 3,137 feet above the level of the sea.

AUGUST 24.—Left Sterzing at five A.M., with the intention of reaching Meran the same day, by way of the Jaufengebirge. There is only a mule path over the Jaufen, which passes chiefly through forest scenery. Every now and then there is a splendid view of the neighbouring mountains, and terrific defiles of immense depth. Shortly before issuing from the forest, I was almost stunned by what I conceived to be the buzzing of an immense army of bees, but on proceeding a little further, I found that the noise proceeded from the voices of a string of female peasants, who were repeating their prayers whilst counting their beads.

At the summit of the mountain, I remained an hour at the Jaufenhaus; after which I commenced the descent, which is both difficult and dangerous. I had not

proceeded many paces when I came across a peasant, who rendered me his assistance both in pointing out the way and occasionally lending me a hand. He even insisted on carrying my knapsack for some three-quarters of an hour. At the foot of the mountain my friend inquired if I would stop the night at St. Leonard, the name of the first village; I informed him that I wished to take something to eat, but was desirous of proceeding further, upon which he conducted me to the nearest wirthshaus, where I partook of a good dinner and wine. I asked my companion to take a chopin with me, he however preferred coffee; and what is more, insisted on paying for it himself. After an hour's rest, I again set forth on my journey; whereupon my friend shouldered my knapsack and conducted me over another somewhat rugged and difficult mountain, giving me a helping hand now and then. During the walk, he asked me if I wished to visit Hofer's house; upon which I told him I was *en route* for Meran, but that I was also desirous of seeing Hofer's house, but did not know where it was situated; so my guide stated that I was upon the road to it, and that he would conduct me there. In about two hours we arrived at Hofer's house, when I found out that my guide was no other than the landlord. The house is on the bank of the Passeyer stream, midway between the villages of St. Leonard and St. Martin. It is still

the village inn, as it was during the lifetime of Hofer, and is called the "Crown." It contains a few relics of Hofer, such as his targets, &c.

Everybody has heard of the brave Andreas Hofer (Tell of the Tyrol), and his lamentable fate. He was born in 1765; his original occupation was that of a dealer in cattle and corn; he also kept the inn before alluded to. When, by the treaty of Presburg, Tyrol was transferred to Bavaria; and, in consequence, the war broke out in 1809, the peasants, headed by Hofer, rose to expel the Bavarians, and again placed themselves under the government of Austria, and obtained many brilliant victories over both the French and the Bavarians. When, at the head of the government, Hofer inhabited the palace at Innsbruck; but whilst there, neither altered his peasant's dress, nor increased his expenditure. He was naturally of a kind, good-natured disposition, and possessed a vast amount of natural eloquence; the whole of his proceedings were winked at by the Austrian government, but in the hour of need they left him to his fate. When Napoleon had obtained possession of the Tyrol, Hofer was compelled to fly, and took refuge, a few miles from his house, in a small chalet, near the Glaciers, and not far from the Timbler Joch. While there, he was from time to time supplied with the necessaries of life by a few of his faithful friends. A reward, however, having been

offered for his head, he was basely betrayed, taken to Mantua in irons, tried by a court martial, and shot by order of Napoleon, in February, 1810. He died lamented by his countrymen, and his memory will ever be adored by all true patriots and lovers of liberty. After his death, the Emperor of Austria ennobled his son, and pensioned his family. His wife continued to keep the inn up to her death, in 1836.

I enjoyed a very pleasant evening at Hofer's house, and should advise every person who visits Tyrol, not to omit spending a night there. At about four or five in the afternoon, the peasants began to assemble to drink wine, smoke, and play music. The musical instruments played upon (which they make themselves) are violins, and a species of guitar, like an *Æolian* harp (called a *Zither*); they do not perform like other people, they place the instrument flatways upon the table. They are extremely fond of their national air, which they repeated frequently. The whole company took it by turns to play (the Tyrolese seem to be gifted by nature with an aptitude for music). Now and then they struck up the national dance, which several of them went through very cleverly, and it was amusing to notice a bare-legged boy, who for some time kept up the dance with the bare-legged housemaid. I asked several of the peasants to take wine with me, which they did out of politeness, but in such a manner as to intimate

that they did not require to be paid for their performance. Whilst the fun was going on, the landlord brought me his album; I found the book full of prose and poetry, in German, French, and Italian, to the memory of the brave Hofer. At eight o'clock, the music ceased, the peasants retired to their respective homes, and the lights were extinguished; whereupon my kind host inquired if I would retire to rest, and escorted me to my bed-chamber.

AUGUST 26.—At five A.M. rose and breakfasted, called for my reckoning, which mine host chalked on the table (not an uncommon custom at the small inns in Tyrol) as follows:—

Abendsessen	.	.	.	18 kr.
Wein (4 schop)	.	.	.	24 „
Frühstück	.	.	.	10 „
Schnapps	.	.	.	2 „
Zimmer	.	.	.	4 „
				<hr/>
				58 kr.

(i. e. 1s. 7½d. English money.)

Such are the charges of most of the *small* inns in the Tyrol. Your bill for supper, wine, bed, and breakfast, seldom amounts to two shillings English. The charges are higher in the cities and town, but the difference is very trifling.

While on the subject of inns, I would advise the pedestrian always to look out for those having a sign without any name upon it, as he will generally find them very good, and reasonable in their charges, and he will get much better waited on for *nothing*, than in some countries where he has to pay for what is called "dienst" or "service de la maison." When the traveller asks for one of these inns, he should always add the word "wirth" to the end of the sign, as "Kreuz," "Kreuzwirth," "Krone," Kronewirth," &c.; should he inquire for the "Kreuz" or the "Krone," he would not always be understood.

To return: Hofer's house to Meran is about twelve miles. The first village is St. Martin. The road (which passes down the Passeyer) is picturesque, and the last part of it is lined with fruits of every description. The view of Meran from the top of the hill at about a mile distant is very fine. Meran is an ancient city, of 2,321 inhabitants, and was formerly the capital of the country. It is situated in the Vintschgau at its junction with the Passeyer Thal, and is one of the most lovely places in Tyrol. It is built on the right bank of the Adige, on the site of a Roman station: and (say the Guide Books) remains of buildings, coins, &c., from the time of Drusus to Justinian, and bones, are continually being dug up in the fields, &c. The city was destroyed about the year 1800, by the fall of

a mountain called the Naiferberg, and by an irruption of the Passeyer; the remains of the avalanche are still to be seen. It has suffered much from the Passeyer, by which it has been nearly destroyed seven times. There are several very good inns here, among which are Die Post, Graf von Meran, Weisses Kreuz, Goldener Adler, and Die Sonne. I should recommend the pedestrian to put up at the Kreuzwirth, where he will find comfortable quarters, good fare, and moderate charges. Of this he will best be able to judge, when I mention that my bill for two days for breakfast, dinner (soup, roast fowl, meat, and salad), supper, bed, and four choppins of wine each day, amounted to no more than two Austrian guilders (four shillings English money). This city has very much of an Italian air, some of the streets having long colonnades. The church called the Spital Kirche, is an elegant Gothic building, and was erected in 1483. The city is excessively hot in the summer, when many of the inhabitants repair to their villas and castles up in the mountains. The baths at Egart, on the Töll, about four miles distant, and those at Lana, at the entrance to the Ultenthal, are much visited during the summer season. From the bridge over the Passeyer, nearly twenty different castles may be seen; the finest is that called Schloss Tirol. This castle, formerly spelt Terioli, is the origin of the word Tirol or Tyrol. Meran is famed for its wine and its



fruits, and many invalids repair thither for the grape-cure. A pound of grapes may be had for four kr. and four good peaches for one kr.

AUGUST 27, 28.—The road to Bozen passes through the Vintschgau. This valley is very fine, but not one of the most beautiful in Tyrol. There are, however, many pretty little castles perched on its sides. Near Vilpian, those of Brandeis and Löwenberg are passed, and shortly after Schloss Maultasch, and Greifenstein; Hoch Eppan, built on a rock, and which appears almost inaccessible. Further on, within a short distance of Bozen, is Schloss Sigmundskrone. Near Bozen the valley opens out into a magnificent plain, surrounded by lofty mountains. To the left, behind the city, rises the Seisser Alp; the last rays of the setting sun falling on the summit of this mass of granite gave it a very grand appearance.

The approach to the city is spoilt by a long white-washed wall; which, running along the sides of the winding road, entirely shuts out the view.

At Bozen, I put up at the Kronewirth, which I can recommend, particularly on account of its garden. The heat here is tremendous in the summer time; and to take your meals and wine in the garden is quite a luxury, and is very much the fashion. Bozen,\* anciently

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\* Bozen is pronounced Boatzen.

spelt Bauzanum (Italian Bolgiano), is a fine city, and contains a very beautiful cathedral. The houses have somewhat of an Italian air ; and a good deal of Italian is spoken here. There are gardens and boulevards around the city. From Bozen you can either proceed to Klausen and Brixen by the vale of the Eisach, to Castluth and the Grödner Thal ; to Kaltern and the Val di Non, or to Trient and Roveredo. There are plenty of conveyances daily to all places on the post roads.

AUGUST 29, 30.—Started at five A.M. for Trient. The road runs through the Val di Adige, and passes the towns of Neumarkt, St. Michele, and Lavis. I slept the first night at Neumarkt, and on the second arrived at Trient.

It may be as well to note, that Bozen is the boundary line between north and south Tyrol ; and after leaving that city, and proceeding southwards, it is necessary to speak Italian. I was not long in discovering this, for I had not left Bozen five minutes, before I found the peasants' "gut morgen" exchanged for "buon giorno," and the Italian countenance instead of the German ; a change scarcely for the better in Tyrol. Between the town of St. Michele and Lavis, is the entrance (on the opposite side of the Adige) to the Val di Non and Val di Sole, and close by, the ferry (il porte). Arrived at Trient, I found comfortable quarters at "La Corona."

It may be as well to mention, that the traveller by COACH will have his passport taken away on entering Trient, and must find out the "Polizei" and obtain his visé for any other city he may wish to visit.

Trient (*Thal* Trento) is situated on the left bank of the Adige, in a large plain surrounded with mountains. The city with its spires and domes and the little villages which rise one above the other on the sides of the mountains looks very beautiful in the distance. It is one of the largest cities in Tyrol (being five miles in circumference), and contains upwards of 13,000 inhabitants. It is surrounded by a wall, which bears signs of having once been fortified. It is the See of a bishop, and contains fifteen churches besides the cathedral, and many very fine buildings and objects worthy of notice. The cathedral (dom) is in the Romanesque style; it was commenced in the year 1048, but is still in an unfinished state. The best picture is at the first altar, on the left hand of the main entrance. The famous council was held at the church of Santa Maria, which is fast falling to decay. This church has a marble pulpit very beautifully carved, and a very curious painting of the chief personages who composed the council. In Trient and the neighbouring districts, there is a great traffic in wine and silk, and the valley hereabouts is covered with mulberry trees, no doubt to the great delight of the silkworms. The post road to

the south of the city conducts to Roveredo and Riva; that to the right to the Val Sugana, Vicenza and Padua; the one to the left to the Val di Bona, and to Arco and Riva.

SEPTEMBER 1.—Walked to Roveredo, about fourteen miles. The road passes through the Val di Adige. Roveredo (German Rovereith) is a town of 7,600 inhabitants. It is built on the left bank of the Adige, and is situated much the same as Trient and Bozen. It is, perhaps, even more beautifully situated than either of those cities. It employs 2,300 persons in the manufacture of silk, and is one of the most flourishing cities in Tyrol.

The church of San Tomaso, which is now made use of as a warehouse, is said to have been in existence as early as 1300. In the castle, which stands by the road side, a few miles south of the town, Dante, when in exile, was for some time entertained by its noble proprietor.

At Roveredo there are two or three very good hotels; among the number is "Il Cavalletto," kept by a German. I should, however, advise the pedestrian to put up at a small inn (whence starts the Courier for Riva) called "Il Leone Bianco," where he will get a capital dinner, including wine, coffee, and bed, for about the same charge as for servants and wax candle in some countries. Indeed, in Tyrol, one is as

much surprised at the reasonableness, as in some countries at the exorbitance of hotel charges.

In Roveredo there are cafés, and the evening being very sultry, I found it exceedingly pleasant to take my ice in the open air.

SEPTEMBER 2.—Walked to Riva (fourteen miles). The road is very hilly. Three miles below Roveredo the road crosses the Adige by a ferry; in four more the small lake of Loppio is reached; after passing which, you ascend the heights of Nago. Here you have a magnificent view of the Lago di Garda, with Monte Baldo to the left. Between Torbole and Riva, the road runs through a gallery cut in the rock by the side of the water, and crosses the river Sarca, which here waters the lake.

Riva is a town of 4,960 inhabitants. It looks well at a distance, but in the interior one sees nothing but dirty streets and houses falling to decay. Its situation, however, is very fine, at the north-west end of the Lago di Garda, hemmed in by precipices and surrounded by lofty mountains. The climate, too, is delicious, and permits the growth of oranges, citrons, olives, myrtles, vines, and pomegranates. The church of Inviolata in the neighbourhood is said to contain several fine pictures. The Garda See (Lago di Garda) is about fifty miles in length. The upper part alone

belongs to Tyrol. The finest part of the lake is its north-west extremity and its western shore, which is lined with little villages, and groves of citron and lemon. On the western shore are the villages of Limone, Campione, Salo (containing 4,500 inhabitants), and Densenzano; and on the eastern shore, the range of Monte Baldo, and the villages of Malsesina, Torri, St. Vigilio, Garda, Bardolino, and Lazise. The steamer leaves Riva at six A.M., and after stopping at several of the villages on the Lake, arrives at Peschiera, at the other extremity, at 10 A.M. Passengers who wish to return to Riva, remain here till 2 P.M., when the same steamer starts for Riva, arriving about 6 P.M. Those desirous of proceeding to Brescia or Milan, stop at Densenzano (a village of 5,000 inhabitants), where they will find one or two good hotels, and a diligence to take them to the railroad. Peschiera is a fortified town, of 2,500 inhabitants, in the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom. It is situated in the Province of Verona, at the south-east end of the Lago di Garda, sixteen miles west of Verona. In Peschiera there is nothing to see but fortifications and Austrian soldiers; nothing to hear but the jingling of scabbards; nothing to feel but the sting of mosquitoes; nothing to smell but the perfume of a dirty town; but something to taste in the shape of a good table d'hôte dinner, provided at a restaurant, near

the landing place, for the especial accommodation of the passengers, who have an hour or two to while away prior to returning to Riva.

SEPTEMBER 3.—Walked to Trient, a distance of twenty-five miles, and took stellwagen to Lavis. Passing Arco, the road follows the Sarca as far as Pietra Murata; at Cadine, it runs through a beautiful glen until you arrive at Piave di Cadello, beyond which it crosses the Adige to Trient.

At Lavis (in Germ. Nevis), I found a very tolerable inn. The town, which is small, stands on the stream called the Avisio, which here flows into the Adige, through the Fassa Thal and the Val di Cambra.

SEPTEMBER 4.—Crossed the Adige to Wälschmetz (Mezzo Lombardo), situated at the entrance to the Val di Non. The castle, perched on the heights, is named after the village. Some look upon the Val di Non and the Val di Sole (or Sulzberg) as one and the same valley. The upper part running from west to east, being called the Val di Sole; and the lower part, which runs in a south-easterly direction, Val di Non (or Nonsberg). After leaving Wälschmetz, you thread the pass of Rochetta. This pass has been considered equal to that of Finstermünz. It is certainly very fine, but vastly inferior in grandeur to the latter. Before

reaching Denno, the road becomes steep, and opposite to the latter village is the castle of Thunn, situated on an eminence surrounded by woods. Before arriving at Cles, I turned from the road for the purpose of slaking my thirst, at a village close by; finding no sort of inn, I entered a peasant's cottage, where I drank a bottle and a half of home-made wine, for which I paid ten kreutzers (3½d.) On leaving the village to regain the main road, I heard some person calling after me, that I had mistaken the road out of the village, and that I must turn to the left. I mention this circumstance to show the kindness of the people; elsewhere, one might have walked on to Hades, and not a soul had wasted breath to prevent it. In the evening I arrived at Cles, eighteen miles from St. Michele. Although a market town, there is no inn of any sort. The following morning, I found two or three inns at a village about a mile or two further on. I managed, however, to obtain accommodation for the night at the house of a peasant. In the evening, whilst sitting enjoying my pipe on the door step, about twenty peasants, men, women and children, congregated round the door to converse with the "Inglese" (the people here speak *bad* Italian). I learnt from them the names of the villages through which I had to pass on the two following days, together with the distances; in return for which, they were greatly delighted at the sight of my map, and on



my explaining to them the geographical position of England—and that it was necessary to cross the sea—for, indeed, some of them thought it was a part of France. Before leaving Cles, I would mention, that the population of the Val di Non, is very dense, and that the inhabitants are chiefly engaged in the silk and hemp trade.

SEPTEMBER 5. —Started at five A.M., and walked to Pellizzano, in the Val di Sole, passing through Malè and several other villages. Malè (which is only a village) is much larger than Cles, and contains two or three inns. The post-road goes no further than this village. To the right is a road leading to the Val di Rabbi (celebrated for its Baths and Rabbi Wasser), and the Suldner Ferner; the road to the left runs through the Val di Sole, without exception, not only the grandest valley in Tyrol, but in all Europe. The scenery along this valley is most varied—precipitous mountains, covered with eternal snow, green hills, terrific gorges, passes, steep winding roads and paths, rushing streams, roaring cataracts, forests of firs, and lovely meadows. So enraptured was I with the scenery, that every now and then I walked back half-a-mile or so, to take another (I trust not a last) glimpse; nor was I content with this, for every half-hour I must sit myself down to enjoy the fresh view that presented itself. I had always thought that the pleasures of the

imagination were greater than every other pleasure upon this earth; I had travelled 1,200 miles to find out an exception to the rule.

Within a few yards of Pellizzano, I was again stopped by a couple of soldiers, who demanded to see my passport, and of course there was a "Gendarmerie Caserne," close by. On arriving at the village, I found a very good inn, and was welcomed by the landlady and her dog. The latter seeing I was alone, honoured me with his presence during my evening meal. It is astonishing what affection both the canine and feline race exhibit at your meal-time.

SEPTEMBER 6.—Rose at four; breakfasted at half-past, and started for Ponte di Legno by the Tonal pass (Il Tonale). Glorious was the sight on leaving the inn; at one end of the valley appeared the sun, about an inch above the horizon; and at the other end, the moon. If one should rise early enough, one might often see the sun and moon in a similar position, but never in such a valley as the Val di Sole.

Shortly after leaving the inn, I was overtaken by my friend Pietro, the dog, who, no doubt, had been despatched after me by his mistress. I found Pietro extremely serviceable, inasmuch as between Pellizzano and the commencement of the pass, there are several straggling villages and many different paths. I there-

fore followed my friend, who appeared to be well acquainted with the way, and who, doubtless, was in the frequent habit of accompanying travellers for a few miles. Pietro wagged his tail and ran forward with immense delight, and was apparently greatly pleased at my recognition of his literary abilities, in addressing him in two or three different languages. I have found many dogs who could not only understand the European languages, but who were partially acquainted with the Oriental, particularly when they were incited by the hopes of a bone. Continental dogs are not only better behaved, but are more intelligent and less dainty than English dogs. They will, in fact, seldom refuse anything eatable, even though flavoured with mustard, pepper, salt, or vinegar. Pietro having accompanied me about three miles up the pass, and probably conceiving that he had performed the task assigned to him, wagged his tail, and returned home. The Tonale is impressive. For the first three hours, one passes sometimes through forests, and at other times at the base of sloping meadows, where here and there a stray peasant is seen. On the opposite side are stupendous snow mountains, and below is a gorge, the bottom of which is seldom visible. Just before arriving at the top of the mountain, I came across some dozen gypsies (with a cart and donkey), who addressed me in bad Italian. On inquiry, they informed me that they had wandered all the

way from the Continent of Africa, a fact which I somewhat doubted, although I believe the gypsy tribe are *supposed* originally to have migrated from that country. They did not beg anything, except a bit of tobacco, and were exceedingly thankful when I handed them two or three bits of cigars which I had in my pocket. It took about four hours from Pellizzano to arrive at the top of the pass, after which I had to traverse a large plain of rugged mountain for several miles. The height made the atmosphere exceedingly chilly. The view from the summit, of the snow mountains on the opposite side of the pass, was quite sublime. I would here mention, that in the year 1509, during the war between Austria and Venice, the Venetians made an inroad over the Tonale, into the Val di Sole; and during the years 1797 and 1809, many sanguinary combats took place in its neighbourhood, between the Tyrolese and the French. From the summit of the pass, it took me two hours to descend to Ponte di Legno the first village in Italy. The road winds through a forest of fir trees. On arriving within sight of the village, I was much struck by a green field which lay at my feet on a gentle slope, besprinkled here and there with flowers of a lilac colour. Never have I seen so green and so beautiful a field; I could not resist the temptation of resting awhile to enjoy the sight.

Having laid myself down on a green bank, I fell asleep, or rather, I passed into a most delicious dream, which lasted several hours; and when I awoke, I found myself alone, and not where I thought I was, and the last rays of the setting sun were shining full upon me.

On arriving at the village below, having found out an inn, and indulged in a substantial supper, I made inquiries as to the best means of getting to Bormio, and found that it was necessary to pass over Monte Gavia; I had partly engaged a young man in the inn, but mine hostess advised me not to have him for a guide; for, said she, "he is too young and inexperienced, and if you will leave it to me I will procure for you an older man" (*piu vecchio*). I accordingly engaged an old fellow who had been in the frequent habit of traversing the mountain.

SEPTEMBER 7.—At a quarter to four in the morning my guide called me up; and after I had partaken of a crust of bread and a glass of schnapps, and provided myself for the journey, we set forth. The first portion of the ascent of Monte Gavia is made through several little straggling villages. It takes nearly two hours to arrive at the base of the mountain; a great part of the way being blocked up with large masses of stone, which have been precipitated from above. The ascent is exceedingly

rugged, and I do not know how on earth I should have managed without a guide, whose assistance I required every few minutes. Monte Gavia is, without exception, one of the most dangerous mountains in Europe to pass over. On arriving about half way up we had a most splendid view of the Pizzo Tessoro, which is 11,137 (*German*) feet\* above the level of the sea. This mountain, and nearly all those around, are covered with snow. At this part of the ascent, we came across a shepherd and his boy, with a mule. At the summit, my guide pointed out to me the bleached bones of numerous travellers (Germans, French, and Italians), who, having lost their way, had perished through cold or hunger. Near each set of bones were piled up a few stones, by way of memento, before which, the guide and the two shepherds knelt down and repeated a prayer. Having rested for half-an-hour, we again set forth. The descent is even more difficult and dangerous. After an hour's walk, the two shepherds left us to look after their sheep and chamois; for they, it appears, lived on the mountains, and had done so all their lives. In three hours more we reached Santa Catarina, where I found a large inn, kept by a Frenchman, who spoke neither German nor Italian. After a substantial dinner, which I

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\* The Wurtemberg foot is 11.26, English inches. The Bavarian foot 11.375 inches.

washed down with three choppins of wine, we again set forth; and in three hours more (making altogether twelve hours from Ponte di Legno) we arrived at Bormio, where I put up for the night at "Das Lamm." The scenery between Santa Catarina and Bormio is romantic, and glows with colour.

Bormio (German, Worms) is a small town situated 3,891 feet above the level of the sea, in a lovely valley, at the foot of the Stelvio. It was burnt by the French in 1799. It was formerly a place of considerable importance. At present, although it contains nine churches, it has only 1,000 inhabitants. Here the surrounding mountains are covered with snow, and the winter usually sets in about the beginning of October. Four vallies branch off in different directions, viz: the Val Furba, the Val Dentro, the Val Fraele, and the Val di Adda.

SEPTEMBER 8.—The distance from Bormio to Prad is about thirty miles.\* It takes four hours to walk to the summit of the pass, and six more to descend to Prad, on the other side. The ascent begins almost immediately behind Bormio. The baths of Bormio, to the left, are first passed; the road then crosses a bridge over an immense chasm. A great portion of the road runs along

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\* Some say thirty-five miles.

the edge of a tremendous precipice, and is sometimes carried under galleries (cut in the rock), in order to protect it from avalanches, &c. I passed seven of these galleries and two houses of refuge, before arriving at Santa Maria; after passing the second house, the road makes numerous zigzags, which have a very curious appearance, until you arrive at Santa Maria. Here is the Austrian Custom house (where it is necessary to get the passport, visé), and a very decent sort of inn attached to it. I arrived just in time to partake of a good dinner, and found a great many more travellers, some of whom had started from Bormio earlier than myself; others who had come up the other side of the mountain; or from the village of Santa Maria, in the Grisons, about three hours' distance. From this inn, to the summit of the pass (which is 9,272 feet above the level of the sea), one has still to ascend above 1,000 feet. Here the view of the Ortler Spitze, with the other snow-clad mountains, and the glaciers to the right, is very fine, and is not surpassed by Mont Blanc itself. The descent of the pass is made by numerous zigzags to Franzensöhe and Del Bosco. On descending further, I arrived at the village of Trafoi. Not far from here is a little chapel (containing an image of the Virgin), which is reached by a path across the meadows. From Trafoi to Prad, the scenery of the valley is picturesque, and the road frequently crosses the stream. Perched up on the



heights to the left is seen the village of Stilfs, whence the Stelvio has its name; the appellation, "Wormser Joch," being derived from the town of Worms (Bormio). The walk from Trafoi to Prad takes three hours. The village is very delightfully situated in a large plain, surrounded by mountains, and is not seen until within ten minutes of arriving there. This was one of the most fatiguing day's walk I had yet made, and I sat down to supper with a capital appetite.

SEPTEMBER 9.—After leaving Prad, and traversing the plain, the road makes a turn to the left, until it reaches Mals.\* Here I was again stopped on the road by a soldier, who demanded to see my passport. At Mals there are one or two inns. Close by (to the left of the road) is the Swiss frontier, and the pretty little town of Glurns. Shortly after leaving Mals, another magnificent view of the Ortler Spitze is to be had. You next pass a plain, surrounded on nearly all sides by snow mountains; and afterwards, the village of Heide, and three small lakes called the Weisse, the Graue, and Grüne. At Heide, a victory was gained in 1499, by 800 Swiss, over double that number of troops, under the Emperor Maximilian. Shortly after leaving Reschen, you

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\* On leaving Prad, the road to the right, conducts to Eyres and Meran. Distance to Eyres, two Stunde.

arrive at Nauders, near the commencement of the Finstermünz pass.\* Close out of Nauders, the road descends towards the pass; a walk of about half-a-mile led me towards some peasants (chiefly women) engaged in making a new road, which is being carried up the right hand side of the pass. On the left side is an immense fortification, commanding the entrance to the road; further on, the road is carried under a gallery, covered with timbers, without which it would be continually liable to be destroyed by the falling of rocks. The sides of the pass are of an immense height, and the river Inn, which flows in from the Engaddin, makes a tremendous roar, many hundred feet below the road. On arriving at the narrowest part of the gorge, the rocks almost meet over head. Contiguous is a small chapel and a tower, with a gateway underneath. This tower now serves for a wirthshaus (an inn). Here I put up for the night, and as it happened to be Friday (which is always kept as a fast day), made the best supper I could, off soup, omelettes, and pancakes, and retired to rest well satisfied.

SEPTEMBER 10.—Leaving the hostelry, this terrific pass is crossed by means of a fragile bridge; and shortly

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\* At Nauders, a road to the left leads to the Engaddin.

afterwards the valley of the Inn opens out, and in about an hour after leaving Finstermünz the village of Stuben is reached. On the opposite side of the stream is another village, above which a new road is forming between Reid and the Finstermünz pass. This road is carried such an immense height, that it was difficult to distinguish the human beings engaged in its construction.

In about three hours more Reid is reached, where a magnificent view is had of the glaciers of Kannser. Further on I came to Prutz, at the entrance of the Kannser Thal. The situation of this village is one of the most beautiful in the whole Tyrol. After leaving Prutz, the road winds considerably, twice crossing the Inn, over wooden bridges. The village of Landeck is reached in about two hours from the last bridge (and the intervening scenery is not to be forgotten); here I found excellent quarters at the "Post." Landeck is situated on the right bank of the Inn, at the point where three post-roads meet, viz: to Finstermünz, to Innsbruck, and to Bregenz. The castles and villas on the neighbouring heights have a very pretty appearance; near the village, during the campaign in 1809, a desperate fight took place between the Bavarians and the Tyrolese, in which a division of 10,000 Bavarians, with the exception of a few who surrendered, was entirely cut to pieces.

SEPTEMBER 11.—Walked to Stuben, en route to Bregenz. From Landeck, the road, which passes through the Stanzer Thal, ascends for several miles, and the scenery is very romantic as far as Flürsch. A few miles out of Landeck is the entrance to the Paznauner Thal; and on the heights is Schloss Wissberg, very prettily situated. It is reached by a bridge, under which flows the river Trisanna. Between Flürsch and the post-house, called St. Anton (which is part of the way up the Arlberg), the scenery is wild, consisting of forests of fir, and hills crowned with villages, and studded with old castles. The stream, called the Rosanna, runs as far as St. Jacob, where it branches off to the left. The ascent of the Arlberg takes about two hours. The highest part of the road is about 6,200 feet above the level of the sea, and the passage over this mountain must be dangerous in bad weather; on the summit is a hospice, built in 1836. It was originated by a poor peasant, since deceased. This man spent his whole life and all that he earned in saving the lives of travellers, and up to his death had rescued no less than fifty persons from destruction—he deserved a medal from our Humane Society. At the summit, I found the atmosphere intensely cold, and on descending the other side of the mountain, was caught in a snow storm, and compelled to remain for a couple of hours at a peasant's hut, luckily close at hand; the storm over, I descended to

Stuben, a poor village at the base of the mountain, where I remained the night.

SEPTEMBER 12.—Walked to Bludenz and Feldkirch; after leaving Stuben you enter what is called the Vorarlberg, that is to say, the country in front of the Arlberg. The road descends to Klösterle, the commencement of the valley of that name, which runs about as far as Bludenz. Passing Dalaas and one or two small places, Bludenz, a town of 1,900 inhabitants, is reached. Here are two or three inns. Near this town is the entrance to the Montafoner Thal, remarkable on account of its verdure and its cherry-trees, from which are made the Kirchen Wasser. In this valley, too, the costumes of the peasants, especially that of the women, are perhaps more singular than in any other part of the Tyrol.

After leaving Bludenz, a level plain of some extent is passed, and the country for three or four miles becomes tame and uninteresting, when it again becomes picturesque, especially at the small village of Schattenberg, in the Ill Thal. Here is a very pretty castle, and a church in the Gothic style, built, they say, as early as the year 1476; hence to Feldkirch is only a short distance. Feldkirch is a town of 1,600 inhabitants, situated on the river Ill, and is famous for its cotton and oil mills. I should here mention, that

wine and everything else is somewhat dearer in the Vorarlberg (that is west of the Arlberg) than in the Tyrol.

SEPTEMBER 13.—Between Feldkirch and Bregenz the scenery becomes tamer, the mountains beginning to diminish into hills; I therefore (at an early hour in the morning) took the stellwagen to Bregenz. The towns passed through are Götzis, Hohenems, and Dornbirn. I will here shortly relate, what might have turned out a most serious accident, that occurred on the journey. The stellwagen having stopped about midway between Feldkirch and Bregenz, in order to change horses, I was loitering at the back of the inn, when, on a sudden, an immense dog rushed out of his kennel and bit me on the arm. It happened luckily that he was chained up, and as it turned out, that the injury was not severe; nevertheless, having a great terror of hydrophobia, I was somewhat uneasy during the remainder of the day. On arriving at the inn (the Krone) at Bregenz, I immediately consulted mine hostess, who was greatly concerned for me, and forthwith sent a special messenger with me to the best physician in the town. The physician was out, and would not return for two mortal hours. I walked in a grievous state of mind up and down the pier (which juts out into the lake), counting the minutes, and thinking of nothing else but hydro-

phobia, the knife, and the hot iron ; I kept continually asking myself what sort of knife and hot iron the doctor would use ; how deep the incision ; how long the operation ; and the exact degree of pain I should suffer. This was not all my misery ; for every dog, both near and at a distance, barked at me as I passed by. I may say I had a horror of the canine race (Pietro excepted) for the next three months. However, the two hours (which seemed two days) elapsed ; when, to a second, I arrived at the physician's, who informed me that the skin of my arm was only grazed, and that I had nothing whatever to fear, but to bathe the wound with vinegar and water. I asked him his fee ; he said he had no charge to make ; I however insisted upon his acceptance of a gulden, a liberal fee in these parts. My delight, on finding that after all it was not necessary to use either the knife or the hot iron, may be imagined. Suffice it to say, that I enjoyed a good supper and wine, and never had a better night's rest, nor pleasanter dreams in my life.

N.B.—The more difficulties one encounters, the more one suffers, the greater the pleasure when the difficulties and sufferings are past. A flat road becomes monotonous, even though lined with fruit trees and flowers.

Bregenz is very delightfully situated on the lake of Constance, called in German, the Bodensee. It is the

chief town of the Vorarlberg, and contains 2,300 inhabitants. It exports a great many wooden houses, made by the peasants in the valleys, and brought to Bregenz in pieces. From the hill, at the back of the town, a very fine view is to be had, not only of many of the towns and villages on the lake, but over a great portion of Switzerland.

I have great pleasure in recommending "the Krone," at Bregenz, which is kept by two maiden sisters. I believe "the Post" and "Le Brochet" are both good. The latter is situated on the lake, but neither of them are suited to pedestrians.

SEPTEMBER 15, 16, 17.—Returned to England, *via* Friedrichshafen, Ulm, Heilbron the Neckar, and the Rhine.

Cash in hand on leaving England	£20	0	0
On arrival in London, about	5	0	0
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Expenses of the Tour	£15	0	0



Notes of a Pedestrian Tour,  
MADE IN  
TYROL, STYRIA, CARINTHIA,  
AND THE  
SALZKAMMERGUT.  
IN THE YEAR 1853.

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AUGUST 10, 11.—London to Newhaven, Dieppe, Paris, and Strasbourg (rail and steam). Note.—Strasbourg; "Maison Rouge," capital hotel.

AUGUST 12.—Rail to Freiburg, in the Breisgau. Note.—Good hotel, "Zahringer Hof;" fine gothic cathedral.

AUGUST 13.—Walked through the Black Forest to Lenzkirch. Note.—The Höllenthal "Valley of Hell" commences about three leagues from Freiburg, and is terminated by the Himmelreich or "Kingdom of Heaven;" scenery very pretty; inn at Lenzkirch, "Zum Adler;" distance to Freiburg 7 st.; to Stühlingen (Hotel "Zum Hirschen") 6 st.

AUGUST 14.—Walked by Bondorf to Schaffhausen, and thence to Stein, on the Rhine. Note.—Stein; antiquated place; probably an event to have a traveller there.

AUGUST 15.—Walked to Constanx; steamer to Bregenz in Vorarlberg; arrived in the evening. Note.—Constanz being in Baden, escorted to Polizei by a gendarme, to examine passport.

AUGUST 16.—Walked to Dornbirn *en route* for Landeck. Note.—Overtaken by a storm; put up for the night. (For country between Bregenz and Landeck, see Route I.)

AUGUST 17.—Walked up Bregenzer Wald by Schwarzach, Alberschwend, Egg, Andelsbuch, Bezau, Reutte, Büzau to Schnepfau. Note.—My route made out direct for Landeck; advised by a young man at the inn to make a tour of the Bregenzer Wald; found it well worthy of a visit, but not many travellers there; distance to Andelsbuch  $3\frac{1}{2}$  st., to Schnepfau 7 st.

AUGUST 18.—Walked by Au, Schopponau, Schrecken, Krumbach and Worth to Holzgau, in Lech Thal. Note.—My route being for Landeck, my Dornbirn acquaintance had written in my book "Au zu Wort, ein führer bis Arlberg, St. Anton, Flürsch, Pians,

Landeck." At Schopfernau, the landlord of the inn introduced me to a curious little lady of the upper class of peasantry, tidily attired, and every way affable. She had walked over from the Lech Thal the day before (a journey of twenty miles), and her intention of returning immediately, offered me the chance of an agreeable companion, if I chose to take the same route. My mind was at once made up, and a polite proposition on my part was graciously accepted on hers. Pleasant was our chat over the barren crags and stumbling places of the mountains. Ours, do I say? I must confess that I played but a second fiddle in this twenty miles long duet. Nor was she deficient in charity, for towards the end of our journey she would insist on my being fatigued, and seized my umbrella to carry it herself, whilst she induced a good-natured fellow we met by the way to relieve me of my knapsack. This umbrella almost produced a quarrel—could I, a man, and a Briton, permit a woman to assume this physical superiority? Now and then it came to a gentle struggle between us; but my vivacious little comrade was strong, and what is more, determined; she pouted, and sulked at my efforts to evade her offer of service; and it must have caused her some self denial, for at last nature became too strong, and the flood of gossip was renewed in full vigour on all matters that had ever come within her scope. She told me of her rents which

she had collected ; of her defunct good man ; of her farm, cows, poultry, pigs, and geese ; of many proffered husbands ; but that she had not yet seen the fortunate man to replace the memory of her departed. I declared it must be the fault of male Tyrol, and not hers ; for, in truth, though a turn too sturdy and square, she had fine eyes, a fresh complexion, sparkling teeth, and ruby lips, that were constantly letting out ringing laughter of the very clearest tone, delightful to hear. She appeared to me a most available little personage ; and had I been a true Tyroler, I should have laid siege to this feminine fortress without loss of time. As it was, there was nothing for me but to admire, and take the position she had first given me. She was, certainly, mentally and physically, a very well regulated little body, and a good type of her country women.

At Holzgau you come into the Lech Thal, which runs up to Weissenbach. This is one of the poorest valleys in Tyrol. I was informed that one might live well here for 200 florins (schein) or £16 per annum, covering all expenses.

AUGUST 19.—Walked by the Lech Thal to Lend, Elmen, Stanzach, and Weissenbach. Note—The scenery of this valley presents a striking contrast to that of all others in Tyrol, being dark and with scanty vegetation. The inhabitants are almost poverty-stricken ;

and have seldom an opportunity of regaling their sight at a stranger. The absence of those sparkling emerald meadows that laugh to the eye in the more favoured valleys, is painfully felt; and now, my charming companion no longer accompanied me to dignify a hut at the entrance of a village with the title "Vorstadt," a farm house, as "Prinz Johann's Sommer Residenz," and a crazy old inn as the "Primate's Palace," I was glad to walk faster than usual.

AUGUST 21.—First day, through Klausen Wald to Heiterwang, Lähn, and Lermoos. Second day, to Nassereit and Imst. Of this road my first tour gives account. At Lähn I sought my worsted-sock-admiring-landlady. In that little interval of my absence, what changes. Alas! she was gone; nor could I get a clue to her.

At Nassereit, I fell in with some German students, with whom I made the rest of the journey to Imst, where we all put up at the Post. Try the trout here.

AUGUST 22.—Walked to Umhausen, Dorf, and Lengefeld. Note.—The road to Nassereit, is to the left; that to Innsbruck, to the right. The latter conducts to Umhausen, in the Oetz Thal. The road descends, and winds round the edge of the mountain. Shortly after leaving Imst, you pass opposite the entrance to the Pitz Thal.

At Haimingen, you descend through the brushwood to the river, which is here crossed by means of a rickety wooden bridge. After an hour's ascent, on the opposite side, you enter the Oetz Thal, in the middle of a forest; on emerging from which, you come in sight of Umhausen. It lies on the other side of the Oetz, a stream which runs into the Inn. From the moment you enter the forest, until you arrive at Fend, you are struck every hundred yards, with memorials, on painted tablets, of peasants, and others, who have perished either by avalanches, or by the falling of rocks, trees, &c. At Umhausen, I made the acquaintance of a student from Munich, with whom I afterwards travelled as far as Bozen. About half-an-hour's walk from the inn, is a very fine waterfall, with two artificial basins. In order to get a good view, it is necessary to scramble up the rocks on all fours, at the risk, however, of getting drenched from the spray. The way is much more adapted for goats, than for men, as wrote a German, in the travellers' book, kept at the inn. After leaving Umhausen, scarcely any cultivation is visible. The Oetz dashes down the valley over the stones, and literally boils with rage; and until within a short distance of Lengefeld, a great deal of very dangerous climbing is required; indeed, it is at times, absolutely necessary to go on all fours. The route is on the rise until you arrive within sight of Lengefeld, when a descent is

made into a fine tract of meadow land, at the upper end of which appears the village with its little painted church spire, in the back ground.

AUGUST 23.—Walked to Sölden, Hube, Zwieselstein, Heilige Kreuz, and Fend. Note.—Distance, Lengefeld to Sölden 3 st., to Zwieselstein  $4\frac{1}{2}$  st., near which a side valley opens out to the left. By this valley, and over the Timbler Joch, Hofer's haus and Meran may be reached. It takes about 3 st. to arrive at the top of the Joch, and 4 more to descend to Moos, and Hofer's haus. Distance, Zwieselstein to Fend 4 st. At Heilige Kreuz, at the small house kept by the Curé, for the accommodation of travellers, we luckily fell in with the Curé of Fend; we found the two Curés passing the time over a choppin of wine. After an hour's rest, we continued our route, escorted by the Curé of Fend, and accompanied, during part of the way, by the other Curé. From Heilige Kreuz to Fend the way is somewhat dangerous, nearly the whole of the route being over bare rock. The avalanches, hereabouts, have been most destructive; burying several villages at one sweep. The hardened snow in the valley below, which the peasants make use of for a road, is the remains of the last avalanche. The Curé informed us, that during some portion of the year, the village of Fend, situated below, was constantly liable to be destroyed by avalanches, and that it had

been more than once overwhelmed, and that his house, and the little church adjoining (nearly 6,000 feet above the level of the sea), were the only spots safe from avalanches. The Curé has a nice little garden annexed to his house, which he has formed out of the rock itself, where he grows all he requires, with the exception of potatoes. At his little house we not only obtained meat, bread, salad, and wine, but also a cup of very good coffee the next morning. Every article of food, except vegetables, is brought from the Oetz Thal. I believe that horses cannot proceed further than Lengefeld.

AUGUST 24.—Walked over the Hoch Joch Ferner to Unser Frau, in the Schnalzer Thal. Note.—Having hired a guide (recommended by the Curé), and provided ourselves with bread, bacon, and schnapps, and having ascertained that the weather was propitious, we set off about 6 A.M. ; after ascending and descending for about an hour and a half, we arrived at the Vernagt Ferner, one of the most extensive glaciers in Tyrol, and running right to left on our route.

Our guide related to us an awkward accident that occurred to a Scotch doctor, who insisted upon proceeding up this glacier without a guide. He made two attempts without success, and the third time fell down a crevice in the ice ; luckily, he had in his pocket a large



clasp knife, with which he cut steps on each side of the ice, and thus succeeded in mounting to the top of the crevice. The next morning he was discovered in a small wooden hut used for storing hay, not very far from the glacier. After *crossing* the Vernagt Ferner, and the Hintereis Ferner, in about an hour we arrived at the commencement of the Hoch Joch Ferner, which occupied us two hours in passing over. The view from the centre of the glacier, of the Wildspitze (12,296 feet above the level of the sea) and of the other snow-clad mountains and neighbouring glaciers is grand in the extreme; wherever the eye turns it embraces nothing but snow and ice. Our guide informed us that the passage over this glacier is ordinarily not very dangerous; indeed, the peasants pass over it with their cattle, from valley to valley; sometimes, however, a stray pig, who is not a good leaper, will fall down one of the crevices. The principal danger is after a snow storm, when these crevices get covered over, and then you stand a chance of slipping down one of them; in such cases, however, the guides take ropes with them, so that very few fatal accidents take place. We found Alpenstocks very useful in leaping over the crevices. On arriving, however, at nearly the end of the glacier, I happened to fall, and slid down the rest of the way on my back. The descent to the valley below is somewhat difficult, and we were

frequently compelled to ford torrents filled with the debris of rocks from above. After resting an hour or two at the chalêt, we walked on to Unser Frau, where we arrived in the afternoon, somewhat exhausted.

AUGUST 25.—Walked to Natturns and Meran. Note.—This valley (The Schnalzer) although not much visited, is certainly one of the prettiest in the whole of the Tyrol. The path runs for the most part on the edge of the mountain; sometimes it crosses from one side of the valley to the other. After three hours' walk we descended to Natturns, in the Etsch Thal, and having refreshed ourselves, walked on to Meran, where we arrived in the evening, and put up at the Kreuzwirth. (*See First Tour.*)

AUGUST 26.—Walked to Bozen. (*See First Tour.*)

AUGUST 27.—Walked to Völs and Seiss. Note.—After leaving Bozen, you proceed northwards by the romantic Vale of the Eisack, along the right bank of that stream, which is crossed and recrossed. In two hours you find yourself on the right bank of the river. A steep path leads to the top of the mountain, and after passing through a great deal of forest scenery, and one or two pretty meadows, Völs and Seiss are reached; as you ascend, a beautiful view is to be had

every now and then of the vale of the Eisack, to the left, and the Seisser Alp, towering up to the right. No one visiting Bozen should omit this walk. Seiss may be reached in about four hours from Bozen. There was an eccentric character at the inn, who manifested himself in various frolics. This gentleman bestowed a quarter of a minute's attention on me as I entered the Gastzimmer; after which, he proceeded to caper up and down the room, jingling the bell buttons of his velvet jacket, and snapping his fingers to the grave amusement of his fellow country men. Suddenly he halted, and let fly a joke, which unlocked the pent up laughter of all present, and while the room shook with plaudits, lo! he assumed so deep a gravity, that one might have supposed him to be considering the cachinnation of mortals a solemn, serious matter. Presently in came the *Mädel*, the delightful little, ever welcome *Dirne*, with the Englishman's supper; and, in a moment, she was assaulted by such a pantomime of comical passion, and wooed in a style so irresistible, that Albion had to step in and secure the smoking viands and menaced choppin. Then our friend beguiled the flagging spirits of his audience with the tale of a chamois hunter, whose fate was of the ludicrous, lamentable order; and who, as I understood, broke, in the pursuit, two arms, two legs, and one neck—but secured his game. I left him, after

a cosmopolitan pipe, still pursuing this story of the chamois hunter, which seemed to be generally understood as endless. As for me, I was exhausted with laughter.

AUGUST 28.—Walked to Castelruth, and by Grödner Thal to St. Ulrich, St. Christina, and Santa Maria (Wolkenstein). Note.—The scenery along the whole route is most picturesque and varied. The peculiarities of the Grödner Thal (Val di Gardena), and the Enneberg (Gader Thal), are the Dolomite mountains, and the language of the inhabitants. These mountains are entirely barren, and of a light yellow colour. Von Buch considers them to have been thrown up by the eruption of igneous rocks of porphyry from below, and gives an interesting account of them. The word Dolomite has its name from M. Dolomieu, the geologist; the language, spoken by the inhabitants of these two valleys, appears to be a mixture of Latin, Spanish, German, French, &c. &c. In one breath you sometimes hear both German and Italian.

At Castelruth, the pedestrian can proceed to Kollman (in the vale of the Eisack), on the post-road to Bozen to the south; and Klausen, Brixen, and Innsbruck to the north. On arriving at St. Ulrich, Klausen may be reached by St. Peter and Bruck, in the Grödner

Thal. The Dolomite mountain, seen at St. Ulrich, is the Langkofel; the village of St. Christina is 4,000 feet above the level of the sea.

AUGUST 29.—Walked to Colfosco (Colfug). Note.—First you pass through a dense forest, then over bright meadows, which lead to a rugged mountain. To the right is a lofty peak, called the Wolkenstein. A storm overtook me as I left the forest, covering the mountain with snow a foot deep, in half-an-hour. Luckily, a Senhüttchen was at hand, and under its friendly roof I found shelter; the poor fellows inside had a cheering fire cracking on the hearth, and bade me heartily welcome, to fresh milk and knödl, I, interchanging schnapps from a full flask. Rested here two hours, and then descended the mountain, when another storm (accompanied with thunder and lightning) took me in the rear, and very soon drenched me thoroughly. Arrived at Colfug, my first labour was to undress; then to dine; but as no reasonable being, with any sense of the ludicrous, would sit down to the table completely nude, I took my dinner between the sheets.

AUGUST 30.—Walked by Enneberg (Gader Thal) to Stern, St. Martin, Walsch Ellen, St. Lörenzen and Brunnecken, in the Puster Thal. Note.—Near

Wälsch Ellen another valley opens out to the right, leading to St. Vigil, near which are seen several Dolomite peaks.

AUGUST 30, 31.—Remained two nights at Brunnecken. Note.—Hotels; “Die Post,” “Die Sonne,” “Das Weisse Rose,” “Der Goldene Stern.” I can recommend the latter to pedestrians. A warm bath can be had in the town

This little town lies on the post-road to Mühlbach and Brixen on the one hand, and to Innichen, Sillian, Lienz, and Villach on the other. On the road to Mühlbach (3 st. from Brunnecken) is the entrance to Taufers Thal. Brunnecken is one of the cheapest places in Tyrol; distance to entrance of Antholzer Thal 2 st., to Antholz 3 st., to Lienz  $9\frac{1}{2}$  G. m.

Bill at the inn for bed (two nights), one	}	2	30
dinner (table d'hôte), two suppers,			
two breakfasts, six choppins of wine,			
schnapps, &c. . . . .			

Washing trowsers, three shirts, three pair	}	0	20
socks, and handkerchiefs . . . . .			

(i. e. 4s. $8\frac{1}{2}$ d. English.)	2fl. 50kr.
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SEPTEMBER 1.—Walked by Puster Thal to Rasen, and by Antholzer Thal to Antholz, and St. Jacob in Tefferecken Thal. Note.—The highest mountain seen

from the entrance of the Antholzer Thal is "Oulang." After passing Antholz, I had to make my way over rugged mountains, and through forests; two or three pretty lakes are passed en route. From Antholz to St. Jacob there is scarcely any path visible. I would not advise any one who has not plenty of perseverance, to attempt this scramble. There is, however, nothing to fear. By the time I had crossed into Tefferecken, I was so tired, that I thought it better to halt at the first habitation I came to; a poor wirthshaus, hanging, like Milton's ship, in the clouds. The landlord made me a bed in the gast zimmer. It was on the copper; a plank over the crater, and a couple of blankets over the plank (my coat for a pillow) serving for bed and bed-clothes. Four peasants lay in compact order on the floor, like Egyptians, as we see them in frescoes. If good sleep is to be estimated by strenuous snoring, those four tasted of oblivion this night. As for myself, not even their vigorous trombones could keep me awake.

Bill in the morning—

Abendessen	.	.	.	18 kr.
2 Schopp Wein	.	.	.	12 „
Frühstück	.	.	.	12 „
				<hr/>
				42 kr.

(1s.  $\frac{1}{3}$ d. English.)

"But," quoth I, "you have not reckoned the bed."  
"Ach! Bett! Nix, nix." This shows how everything depends on latitude and longitude. A warm bed in England eats its way into half-a-sovereign; a copper-warmed bed in Tyrol, "nix." May this honest, kindly hospitality never die out among these mountains!

SEPTEMBER 2.—Walked up the Tefferecken Thal to St. Leonard, Hoffgarten, Holzen, and Windisch Matrey. Note.—The peculiarity of this valley is, that the mountains on both sides are covered with snow. A beautiful stream runs from one end of the valley to the other; distance—St. Jacob to St. Leonard  $\frac{1}{2}$  st., to St. Veit  $1\frac{1}{2}$  st., to Hopfgarten  $3\frac{1}{2}$  st., to Matrey 7 st.

Shortly after passing Hopfgarten, you come into the Isel Thal; which, on the right, conducts into Lienz, and on the left, to Windisch Matrey.

SEPTEMBER 3.—Walked over the Kalser Tauern to Kals. Note.—My host advised me to wait for a Kalser man who was returning to Kals. Would not wait—and repented. Overtaken by a storm with thunder and lightning; when the storm abated, I was without a track. Sitting down to deliberate on this dilemma, some wild strawberries caught my eye; these, with bread and schnapps, served for luncheon; after which, on again with good heart.



But what is a good heart without the Kalser man ? A sudden slip, whilst attempting to pass over the lowest part of the Tauern, sent me rapidly down on my back some 200 feet over the snow. I clung with all my might to everything within my reach, and it was well I did so, as even then, I barely saved myself from going over into an ugly chasm. A further slide of three feet would have forestalled these notes, and left the eulogy of Tyrol to other hands. The depth of the abyss was about a thousand feet. I still remained clinging to earth, not daring to move, and fancy reverted reproachfully to the Kalser man. Eternity seemed before me, echoing the name of the Kalser man. At last, after much caution, and more than one desperate effort, I rolled over and planted myself on a secure crag above the snow ; but my umbrella was above. At the risk once more of breaking my neck, I adventured in search of my faithful green friend, whom I succeeded in securing. It was now time to look up again. Storm still threatened, so plucked up all my spirit for a spirt ; in half-an-hour more I reached the summit without further catastrophe, and without the aid of the Kalser man. Kals lies beautifully below ; I could see my inn and the smoke of its chimney, which reminded me that I had not lost my appetite. It took me an hour to descend the mountain. On my arrival at the hostelry, I considered it advisable to rest for the re-

mainder of the day; and, after indulging in one or two extra choppins, made up my mind not to attempt any more Tauerns alone—which resolve I broke on arrival at Heiligen Blut.

SEPTEMBER 4.—Walked by Kalser Thal to St. Johann im Walde and Lienz. Note.—Pretty water-fall. Distance to entrance of the valley 2 st., to Lienz 4 more. On leaving the valley, you come into post-road to Brunnecken on the right, and Lienz on the left. Before the day was over, I had serious doubts whether I had not broken several bones the day before, which did not, however, in any manner affect my appetite. I put up at the “Mayrwirth,” a house I can recommend to pedestrians. There are also the following hotels: “Gasthaus zur Post,” “Zum Schwarzen Adler,” and “Die Sonne.” Lienz is the cheapest town in the Tyrol. Here is an ancient castle, and the mountains in the neighbourhood are much resorted to by botanists. Distance from Lienz to Winklern 3 st., to Döllach 6 st., to Heiligen Blut 11 st.

SEPTEMBER 5.—Walked by Iffelberg to Winklern, the first village in Carinthia (Kärnthen). Note.—The first part of the journey is along the post-road; you then ascend the mountains and descend to Wink-

lern, where there is a very good inn. By the time I had arrived, I was *convinced* that I had broken at least two or three bones over the Kalser Tauern (Matreyer Jöchel); I therefore consulted mine hostess, who recommended to me the chief physician of the valley, who happened to be sitting smoking at the door with some military officers. Upon due examination, he pronounced me safe and sound, and applied some plaster to my back, the remains of which he handed to me in a cover, printed "Price and Gossnell, Lombard Street," after which I became satisfied that there was nothing the matter with me. His fee was 10 kr. (3½d.) The village and the valley (Möll Thal) are very beautiful, and the view of the Dolomite mountains towards Villach is grand. In order to appreciate the varieties of shade, it would be as well to stand at the inn door from an hour or two before until an hour after sunset.

SEPTEMBER 6.—Walked up the Möll Thal, to Döllach, and Heiligen Blut. Note.—On leaving Winklern this morning, I was saluted with a "glückliche reise," by my friend the physician, who, equipped in a shooting jacket and straw hat, was harnessing a sorry jade to a rickety cart, for the purpose, no doubt of visiting his patients in the neighbourhood. On arriving at Heiligen Blut, there being no other traveller at the

inn, I amused myself, during the day, by looking over the "Fremden Buch." It is curious to notice the styles of different nations. Germans and Italians give you some extempore poetry on the beauties of the country; the Englishman writes, "John Smith, from Lienz," or "aus London;" the University men, "John Johnston Scott Cavendish, Cantab;" others seem to consider that the neighbouring sights and scenery have been especially provided for them, or that they have come to patronize the Gross Glockner and Pasterze. A worthy baronet writes somewhat thus, "Sir John and Lady Falstaff walked on to the glaciers; had a very good view of the Gross Glockner, and were perfectly satisfied with the scenery. Sir John and Lady returned to the inn about half-past one. The hotel does not hold out the advantages of the Clarendon, or Mivart's, but the accommodation is equal to what might be expected in such out-of-the way quarters. Sir John and Lady Falstaff were compelled to return on foot to Döllach, where they had left their carriage on the preceding evening."

SEPTEMBER 7. — Walked over Rauriser Tauern to Bohem. Note.—A good day's journey; when well up the mountain, fell in with a drover and his wife, driving cows and sheep over the Tauern. At the

summit, the peasant sent back his wife, and I assisted him in getting his cattle through the snow (which was two or three feet deep), till we reached the Tauernhaus below: here were other drovers. After resting a short time for refreshment, we all went together, I having a good share out of five or six hundred cattle under my charge. The difficulty was to keep our beasts apart from others we encountered; on our passing a farm, we had a tremendous scuffle with some pigs. They were evidently desirous of joining in the procession, and the trouble of expelling them was such as to make me think them, and call them, truly accursed animals. Arrived at Bohem, my good friends pledged me a capital assistant, and I have no doubt that such I was: in fact, modesty need not prevent me saying, I was, throughout Tyrol, generally accounted a good fellow. Let others make themselves agreeable, and go through the process of unstiffening, and they will have as pleasant a time as I had, and make as many friends; this is the secret of travelling. Distance—from Heiligen Blut to top of Rauriser Tauern 3 st., descent to Tauernhaus  $2\frac{1}{2}$  st., 4 st. more to Bohem, and 5 st. more to Bad Gastein.

SEPTEMBER 8.—Walked to Bad Gastein. Note.—The first two hours are on flat ground, after which

you have to climb a steep mountain, and make your way through a dense wood; there is scarcely any path visible. The descent, which is somewhat difficult, brings you into the Gasteiner Thal, near Hof Gastein; Bad Gastein (called also Wild, Bad Gastein and Gastein) lies to the right, at a distance of about 2 st. This is one of the most beautifully situated, and most fashionable bath towns in Austria. The place consists principally of hotels, built round a chalk basin, in the midst of which foams down a most lovely cascade. The following are the names of the different hotels, &c.: "Straubinger," "Lainer," "Mitterwirth," "Grabenwirth," "Provenchères," "Obern Krämer," "Untern Krämer," "Prälatur," "Solitude," "Vikar," "Belle Vue," "Bedeschof's," and "Hirsch." I put up at "Krämer's," which is both good and reasonable. Nearly all the hotels have good views of the cascade, which should be seen at different hours in the evening, in order fully to appreciate it; perhaps it is seen to most advantage by moonlight. The Styrian wine you get at Gastein is very good; it is a trifle dearer than that in Tyrol—indeed, everything is dearer. You always pay in Münz—*i. e.* Austrian instead of Bavarian florins, the former being equal to 2s. the latter to 1s. 8d.

SEPTEMBER 9.—Walked to Hof Gastein, Dorf Gastein, Lend, Schwarzach, and St. Johann in Pongau.

Note.—The Klamme Strasse, between Dorf Gastein and Lend, is grand in the extreme. Hof Gastein, pretty little watering place in the Gasteiner Thal, not much frequented — on post-road to Lend, St. Johann, Werfen, and Salzburg. Distance from Bad Gastein to Hof Gastein 2 st., to Dorf Gastein 4 st., to St. Johann 9 st. Pretty waterfall close out of Lend. Inn at Hof Gastein, "Moser's;" at Lend, "Die Post;" at St. Johann, "Die Post;" also "Scheidinger's" in the Vorstadt.

SEPTEMBER 10.—Walked to Werfen, Pass Lueg and Golling. Note.—At Bad Gastein, the Polizei people ordered me to report myself at Werfen, to have my passport visé, but on arriving there, I found all the authorities had gone to the tavern; I therefore conceived I had a valid reason for proceeding on my journey: from Werfen is a road leading to Radstadt, Klagenfurth, and Laibach. Between Werfen and Lueg Pass towers the gigantic Tannen-Gebirge; on the opposite side is perched the Castle of Hohenwerfen, on an eminence 350 feet above the level of the Salza. This castle was in old times the feudal stronghold of the Archbishop of Salzburg. Pass Lueg (pronounced Pōs Luak), between Werfen and Golling, is without exception the most picturesque pass in the whole of Europe; indeed, there is no

scenery of the kind even on the Danube, to equal it. Inn, at Golling, "Die Post," and several others. The women very beautiful in this part of Austria.

SEPTEMBER 11.—Note.—Visited the waterfall, which is about a mile from the village; the fall is not so great as some of those in Switzerland, but is much more interesting. Golling lies on the post-road to Hallein and Salzburg. Distance to Hallein about 4 st. Berchtesgaden may be reached from Golling by a path over the mountains. On my return from the waterfall, I turned eastward, and walked on to Abtenau and Gosau. The scenery is most interesting.

Bill at the inn, at Gosau.

#### NOTA.

Für Zimmer	.	.	.	.	.	18
Essen	.	.	.	.	.	18
Frühstück	.	.	.	.	.	12
Getränke samt brot	.	.	.	.	.	18
Verschiedene	.	.	.	.	.	—
Beleuchtung	.	.	.	.	.	—
Bedienung	.	.	.	.	.	10

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Zusammen 1 16

1 fl. 16 kr. C. M.,\* i. e. 2s. 6½d.

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\* Convention-Münz.



SEPTEMBER 12.—Walked to Hallstädter-See (we are now in the Salzkammergut), Aussee, Obersdorf, and Mitterndorf. Note.—Hallstädter-See, very pretty little lake. Aussee most delightfully situated; lovely valley all the way to Mitterndorf. Inns at Aussee, “Post,” “Archduke Franz Karl,” and “Hackl’s.” Inns at Mitterndorf, the “Post” and the “Bell.” Distance from Mitterndorf to Aussee 3 st., to Gröbming 4 st., to Schladming 8 st., to Radstadt 12 st. Very good fishing to be had in the neighbourhood of Aussee.

SEPTEMBER 13.—Walked to Gröbming (pronounced Grayming) and Schladming (pronounced Schlaming). Note.—The latter, a market town on the post-road to Gröbming, Aussee, and Radstadt; picturesque valley the whole way. Distance to Radstadt 4 st., to Gröbming 4 st.

SEPTEMBER 14.—Walked to Radstadt, Altenmarkt, Wagrein, and returned to St. Johann in Pongau. Note.—Radstadt, ancient town on the post-road; traces of having once been fortified; no good inns; one or two small ones, having the signs of leaping horses and dancing bears. No inn at Altenmarkt: there is, however, the “Ram” at Ritterdorf, where one road branches off to Flachau, and the other to Wagrein

and St. Johann. Distance—Radstadt to Schladming 4 st., to Altenmarkt  $\frac{1}{4}$  st., to Ritterdorf  $1\frac{1}{2}$  st., to Flachau  $2\frac{1}{2}$  st., to Wagrein  $4\frac{1}{2}$  st., to St. Johann 10 st., to Werfen  $8\frac{1}{2}$  st.

SEPTEMBER 15.—Walked to Lend, and thence up the Pinzgau by Taxenbach, St. Georg, and Bruck, to Zell-am-See. Note.—Taxenbach (inn, "Taxwirth"), pretty little market town on post-road to Lend and Gastein, and Lend and Salzburg. Distance to Lend  $1\frac{1}{2}$  st., to Hofgastein  $3\frac{1}{2}$  st., to Bruck  $2\frac{1}{2}$  st., to Zell-am-See about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  st., to Piesendorf  $4\frac{1}{2}$  st. From Taxenbach, an excursion can be made to Heiligen Blut, by way of Rauris Thal, and over Rauriser Tauern, or from Bruck up the Füscher Thal to Fehrleiten, and over the Pasterze. Within two or three st. of Taxenbach is the Hirsch Kog, whence a magnificent view is to be had. Zell is situated on a pretty little lake.

SEPTEMBER 16.—Walked up the Pinzgau to Piesendorf, Lendorf, Uttendorf, Mittersill, Mühlbach, and Bramberg. Note.—This valley is not very interesting, but some of those which open out on the left are worthy of a visit, particularly the Füscher and Sulzbach. Their names are as follow:—The Ober Rauris Thal (which at Wort branches into the

Seidelwinkel Thal) Füscher Thal, Kapr Thal, Hollersbach Thal, Habach Thal, Unter Sulzbach Thal, Ober Sulzbach Thal, and Krimler Achen Thal.

Mittersill is a little market town, situated at the entrance of the Velber Thal. Inn, "Gasthaus zum Gross Venediger." There is also a tolerable inn at Dorf. Distance from Mittersill to Bramberg 2 st., to Wald 4 st., to Kriml 6 st., to Kitzbühel 7 st. The goitre very prevalent in the Pinzgau; about every third male and every other female have this disease. The Tyrolese laugh at the peasantry of this valley, and say the goitre is caused by the quantity of butter the people eat.

SEPTEMBER 17.—Walked to Wald, and thence to Kriml and Waterfall; back to Kriml and "Über die Platten" to Gerlos. Note.—Breakfasted at half-past four, A.M. At five, the "Kellnerin would feel obliged if Der Herr would be so good as settle the reckoning, she being ready for chapel." When I left the inn, the doors were all open, and not a soul to be seen. The waterfall at Kriml is considered one of the finest in Austria; it is situated about a mile from the village. The first part of the ascent of the Platten is made through a dense forest; you then traverse for some time a barren rock, and descend the best way you can through a sort of jungle. There is scarcely any path

the whole way. Tolerable quarters at Gerlos. Distance from Kriml to Gerlos 3 st. The view of the snow-clad mountains, opposite the inn, very grand; one of them is the Gerlos Wand, 6,621 feet above the level of the sea; but this is not the name the Tyrolese give to the highest mountain there; it may be the Weiskarl or the Gams Spitze. There are some very extensive glaciers in the neighbourhood, which you get a fine view of on making the descent to Gerlos.

SEPTEMBER 18.—Walked up the valley. and over the mountains to Zell, in Ziller Thal. Note.—The view of Zell from the heights is exceedingly fine.

SEPTEMBER 19.—Note.—Remained at Zell during the day—walked to Mayrhof, at the further end of the valley; here three more vallies open out; the Zem Thal, the Silluper Thal, and the Duxer Thal. There are two very good inns at Zell—"Beim Bräu" and "Gasthaus zur Wellchen;" I can recommend the latter. This valley is one of the dearest in the country. Make acquaintance with my friend "Herr Joh. Wieser, K. K., Bezirkscommissar, im Ziller Thal." He possesses a very good collection of autographs, and is a fine old fellow.

SEPTEMBER 20.—By the Ziller Thal to Mitterdorf, Reid, Uderns, Fügen (pronounced Feegen), Straß,

and Schwaz, in Unter Inn Thal. The Ziller is a very pretty valley, with superior peasantry, and picturesque costumes. "The Tyrolese minstrels" are natives either of Fügen or Zell. Guitars and other musical instruments in every road-side inn.

SEPTEMBER 21.—Walked through the Unter Inn Thal, to Hall and Unterdorf, Mühsau, (*See First Tour*). Note.—Shortly after leaving Schwaz, you come to a bridge which crosses the Inn, and leads to the Lake of Achen (*Achen Thaler-See*) on the road to Munich. The little villages on each side of the valley (the Inn), and the churches perched on the heights are very picturesque.

SEPTEMBER 22.—Remained at Innsbruck.

SEPTEMBER 23.—Walked to Zirl; known to readers (*First Tour*). Note.—Over-exertion, and eating too much fruit, laid me up at Zirl. Here I remained till the 26th; excellent quarters. My appetite meantime was unimpaired; and looking from my window into the poultry yard, I daily witnessed the commotion among the cocks and hens—victims of my rapacity. Thanks to the noble hostess of the "Löwenwirth." If kindness and attention will effect a cure, you may advertise to put an end to all maladies; and if ever I am struck with disease, and given over as incurable, I shall at once set out for the "Löwenwirth," at Zirl.

This was the bill presented to me, including all charges during my stay of four days (wine, doctor, candles, service de la maison, &c.)

Essen und trinken . . . . .	7 fl.
Doctor. . . . .	1 „
	<hr/>
	8 fl.

13s. 4d. English.

SEPTEMBER 27.—Walked to Reutte. (*See First Tour.*) Note.—Inn, “Gasthaus zur Post.” Diligences to Füssen; Stellwagens to Lermoos, Nassereit, Zirl, Imst, and Innsbruck. Fare to latter, 2 fl. 36 kr.; to Zirl, 2 fl. 12 kr.

SEPTEMBER 28.—Walked to Vils and Kempten. Note.—Vils is another entrance to the Tyrol. Soon after leaving Reutte, the road branches into two, that to the right leading to Füssen, and the one to the left to Vils.

AUGUST 29 to OCTOBER 1.—Returned to England, by Ulm, &c. (*See First Tour.*) Note:—

Cash in hand on leaving England	£ 20	0	0
„ on arrival in London	3	14	0
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	£ 16	6	0
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## NAMES OF PLACES AND VALLEYS,

### NOT DESCRIBED IN THE TOURS.

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ABTENAU.—“Gasthaus des Joseph Schorn,” and “Gasthaus zum Rothen Ochsen.” A little market town on the road from Golling to Gosau. Distance to Gosau 4 st., thence to Hallstädter See, about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  st., to Golling about 4 st. Vide Golling and Gosau.

BORGO.—Val Sugana, (G. Borchon). Inn, “Aquila d’Oro.” This is the chief place in the valley. It has 3,000 inhabitants, and is situated 1,475 feet above the level of the sea. It lies on the post-road from Bozen to Venice. Distance to Trient about 10 st.

BRIXEN.—(*Bressanone*.) Inn, “Elephant.” A town of 3,200 inhabitants, 1,940 feet above the level of the sea. Objects worthy of notice; the cathedral (dom), the church of St. Johann. This town is 52 miles south of Innsbruck, and 27 north of Bozen.

*Conveyances.*—Diligences and stellwagens to Innsbruck and to Bozen. A post waggon runs to Triest, Villach, and Laybach.

GARMISCH.—About  $\frac{1}{4}$  st. from Partenkirchen (which see). I should advise travellers to stop here in preference to Partenkirchen, as they will find the accommodation equally good and the charges more reasonable. From Garmisch an excursion can be made to the beautiful little lake called the Eib-See, on the frontiers of Tyrol. Here no guide is required, but some gunpowder, in order to hear the echo.

GOSAU.—Inn, “Kefrwirth.” A little village in the Gosau Thal. Distance to Hallstädter-See  $2\frac{1}{2}$  st., to Abtenau 4 st. There is a very pretty stream all the way to the lake.

GRÖßMING (pronounced Grayming).—Inns; one or two small ones. A market town on the post-road to Mitterndorf and Aussee, and to Schladming, &c. The valley is most picturesque all the way from Mitterndorf to Schladming, particularly the last part of the journey. Distance to Schladming 4 st., to Radstadt 8 st.

HALL.—Hotels, “Gasthaus zum Erzherzhof Stephan,” “Zum Schwarzen Bärn,” and “Hirsch.” A city



on the post-road to Innsbruck ; and to Schwaz, Rattenberg and Kufstein.

*Conveyances.*—Eilwagens and stellwagens at almost every hour of the day to Innsbruck and Schwaz. Distance to Innsbruck 2 st., to Schwaz 4 st.

**HALLSTADT.**—A small town on the lake of the same name, in the Salzkammergut, built on the side of a hill, almost a precipice. This lake, and the neighbouring Gosau Thal, may compare with any part of Switzerland. Distance to Aussee about 3 st. Over the mountain to Hinter-See about 4 st. In order to reach Hallstadt from Gosau, a boat must be taken on arriving at the lake.

**HEILIGEN BLUT.**—A pretty little village in Carinthia, within a short distance of the Gross Glockner, the view of which is one of the grandest in Europe. An excursion is usually made to the Pasterze (glaciers). In order to ascend the Gross Glockner, guides are absolutely necessary. Some travellers pass over the Pasterze to Fehrleiten and Flürsch, and thence proceed by the Pinzgau to the Ziller Thal ; others go over the Rauriser (Heiligen Blut) Tauern to Bad Gastein ; distance about twenty-six English miles. It is *usual* to take a guide (the expense of which is three fl. Münz) as far as the Tauern haus ; but it is

scarcely necessary so to do. When the traveller arrives at the Tauern haus, he can, if he thinks fit, proceed by the Rauriser Thal to the Pinzgau. Travellers coming from Bad Gastein would ordinarily walk either to Döllach and Winklern in the Möll Thal, and thence to Lienz, in Tyrol, or over the mountains to Kals, in the Kalser Thal (about 7 st.), and thence to Windisch Matrey. See Winklern.

IMMENSTADT.—A city in Bavaria, on the post-road to Kempten, Kaufbeuern, and Augsburg; to Staufeu and Lindau, on Lake of Constance (Boden See), and to Hindelang, Weissenbach, and Reutte. From Immenstadt the Tyrol may be entered by way of Hindelang.

*Conveyances.*—Rail to Lindau; and to Kempten, Kaufbeuern, and Augsburg. Eilwagens to all places on the post-road.

IMST.—Hotel, "The Post," good and dear. (The son of the landlord speaks German, Italian, and French). There are several other smaller inns. Imst is a market town, situated on the post-road to Innsbruck, and also to Landeck. Distance from Innsbruck about 14 st. From Imst a tour is often made to the Oetz Thal, or the Pitz Thal (glaciers). The entrance to the Pitz Thal is at the village of Karess,

on the post-road to Innsbruck. The traveller should taste the trout (forelle) at Imst; distance to Oetz Umhausen and Lengefeld about 8 st.

*Conveyances.*—Eilwagens and Stellwagens daily to Landeck, Bludenz, Feldkirch, and Bregenz—and to Silz, Telfs, Zirl, and Innsbruck.

**KAUFBEUERN.**—Inn, “Gasthof zur Sonne.” A city in Bavaria, on the post-road and railway to Augsburg on the one hand, and to Kempten, Immenstadt, Staufen, and Lindau on the Boden-See (Lake of Constance) on the other hand.

*Conveyances.*—Vide Kempten and Immenstadt.

**KEMPTEN.**—Hotel, “Gasthof zur Krone.” A large city in Bavaria, on the post-road to Memmingen, Biberach, and Ulm, and to Füssen Vils, Reutte, and Innsbruck. Rail to Kaufbeuern and Augsburg. The eilwagens start from the railway station (Bahnhof) outside the city. The stellwagens from one of the inns in the city.

*Conveyances.*—Eilwagens to all places on the post-road. Distance to Memmingen, 20½ English miles; to Ulm, 55½ ditto; to Kaufbeuern, 28 ditto; to Füssen, 23 ditto; to Lindau, 40 ditto; to Augsburg, 64 ditto.

**KLAUSEN.**—Inn, “Gans.” A city in North Tyrol, situated on the post-road to Brixen and Innsbruck to

the north, and Bozen to the south. The walk to Bozen, by the banks of the Eisack is most picturesque. Crossing the river, by a bridge, a path leads into the Grödner Thal. Distance to Brixen, about 3 st.; to Bozen, 7 st.

*Conveyances.*—Diligences and stellwagens daily, to all places on the post-road.

**KUFFSTEIN.**—A frontier fortress on the post-road to Rattenberg, Schwaz, and Innsbruck; it is very beautifully situated.

*Conveyances* to Rattenberg, Schwaz, Hall, and Innsbruck.

**LERMOOS.**—Hotels, "Zum Schwarzen Adler," the "Post," good and reasonable. A little village on the post-road to Nassereit and Innsbruck; Nassereit and Imst; and Reutte and Füssen. The highest mountain in view is the Zug Spitze, which is in Bavaria. Distance to Nassereit and Imst, 5 st.

*Conveyances.*—Eilwagens and stellwagens daily. Stellwagen to Innsbruck, about 2 fl.

**MALNITZ.**—A village in the Möll Thal, about 5 st. from Ober Villach. From Malnitz an excursion is often made over the Malnitzer (Nassfelder) Tauern to Bad Gastein, which may be accomplished without a guide, in about seven hours.

**MONTAFONER THAL** opens out near **Bludenz**. The principal place in the valley is **Schruna**, about 4 st. from **Bludenz**. This valley is famed for its cherry-trees, from which is made a great deal of **Kirschwasser**. The pedestrian can pass from this valley into the **Paznauner Thal**, which enters the **Stanzer Thal** between **Strengen** and **Pians**, not far from **Landeck** (*see First and Second Tours*) ; or, after passing **Galthür**, he can proceed up the **Jam Thal** to the **Engaddin**, and by that valley to **Snolz**, **Nauders**, and the celebrated **Finstermünz Pass**.

**MÜHLBACH** — Inn, “**Die Sonne**.” At the entrance to the **Puster Thal**, on the post-road to **Brixen**, and to **Brunnecken**, **Lienz**, and **Villach** Distance to **Brunnecken** about 6 st.

**OBER-VILLACH**.—A very pretty market town in **Carinthia**, situated in the **Möll Thal**. Hence the tourist can either proceed to **Malnitz**, about 2 st., and pass over the **Malnitzer (Nassfelder Tauern)**, or up the **Möll Thal** to **Winklern** and **Heiligen Blut**, or **Winklern** and **Lienz** (in **Tyrol**) ; or up the other end of the valley to **Altenmarkt**, and thence take the post-road to **Villach** : or to **Sachsenburg**, **Greiffenburg**, **Ober Drauburg**, and **Lienz**.

**PARTENKIRCHEN**.—A market town in **Bavaria**, on the post-road to **Murnau**, **Weilheim**, and **Munich** ; and to

Mittenwald, Zirl, and Innsbruck. An excursion is usually made from Partenkirch to view the Rain Thal, the Chapel of Ice, the source of the Partnach, and the blue and green Gumpes, &c., &c. This excursion requires two days, and a guide. The traveller can reach Munich in one day by the Diligence; or by walking, and by steamer on the Würm-See in two days. Partenkirchen to Garmisch about a  $\frac{1}{4}$  st.

*Conveyances.*—Diligences and stellwagens to Murnau, Weilheim, Würm-See, and Munich; and also to Mittenwald, Zirl, and Innsbruck.

RATTENBERG.—A town of 1,000 inhabitants, situated on the post-road to Kufstein and Salzburg; and to Schwaz, Hall, and Innsbruck. There are several silver and copper mines in the neighbourhood. In fine weather, the Oetz Thal and Stubay Ferner may be seen from here. Distance to Innsbruck  $6\frac{1}{2}$  German Miles.

*Conveyances* daily to Innsbruck, &c.

REUTTE.—Inn, "Gasthaus zur Post." A town in North Tyrol, on the post-road to Lermoos, Nassereit, Zirl, and Innsbruck; to Nassereit and Imst; to Füssen (or Vils), Kempten, and Ulm; and to Weissenbach, in the Lech Thal. About a mile from Reutte is a very beautiful waterfall.

*Conveyances.*—Diligences to the above-named

places ; stellwagens to Lermoos, Zirl, and Innsbruck. Fare to Innsbruck, 2 fl. 36 kr. ; to Zirl, 2 fl. 12 kr.

**ROSENHEIM.**—A market town in Bavaria, on the post-road to Munich, to Chiem-See, Traunstein, and Salzburg ; and also to Kuffstein, in North Tyrol. From Rosenheim, a railway is being constructed to Munich on the one hand, to Salzburg on the other hand, and to Kuffstein and Innsbruck.

*Conveyances.*—Stellwagens to Grefin and Munich, to Wasserburg, Mühldorf, Chiem-See, Traunstein, Salzburg, Tegern-See, and Kuffstein.

**SARCA** (river) rises at the foot of the glaciers, separating the Val di Sole from the Val di Rendena, which is a branch of the Giudecaria, and falls into the Lago di Garda. The valleys through which it runs are well worthy of a visit. It can be reached from Malè and the Val di Sole, or from Trient.

**SCHWAZ.**—Hotels, "Gasthaus zur Post," good. Small inns, "Kronewirth," "Sonnewirth," "Meyerwirth," and "Mondschein." The latter, good and reasonable. The landlord speaks both German and Italian. A large old fashioned market town, most delightfully situated on the river Inn, in the Unter Inn Thal, on the post-road to Hall and Innsbruck, and to Rattenberg and Kuffstein. Distance to Hall,

4 st.; to Innsbruck, 6 st. From Schwaz, a tour can be made to the Achenthaler-See, or to the Ziller Thal.

*Conveyances.*—Innumerable diligences and stellwagens daily, to Innsbruck, and several to Rattenberg and Kuffstein; also to Fügen and Zell, in Ziller Thal. There is at least one diligence daily to Salzburg; fare, 5 fl. 18 kr.

**VALLEY OF THE AVISIO.**—This valley is divided into three parts, the Val di Cembra (G. Zimmers), Val Fiemme (G. Fleimser Thal), and Fassa or Evas Thal. It is approached by way of Lavis, situated between Trient and St. Michele. The names of some of the different places are Cembra, Molina, Cavalese, Predazzo, Moena, and Vigo, whence the Grödner Thal may be reached by way of Campedello. The length of the valley is about 60 miles,

**WINKLERN.**—(A good inn here). A village in Carinthia (Kärnthen), most beautifully situated in the Möll Thal; an excursion should here be made to Döllach and Heiligen Blut, to view the Gross Glockner, and the Parterze glaciers, or up the Möll to Ober Villach. Distance to Heiligen Blut, about 5 st.; to Lienz, in Tyrol, about 3 st.; to Ober Villach, about 5 or 6 st.



**WÜRM-SEE.**—A very beautiful lake in Bavaria, not far from Munich. Travellers going to Innsbruck, can take the railroad to Starnberg, whence there is a steamer on this lake to Seeshaupt. At Weilheim the diligence can be taken to Garmisch, Partenkirchen, and Innsbruck. Vide Garmisch and Partenkirchen.

**ZIRL.**—Inn, “Löwenwirth;” good and reasonable; very civil and obliging people. This little village is situated on the post-road to Innsbruck; to Telfs, Nasse-reit, Lermoos, and Reutte; to Silz and Imst; to Garmisch, Partenkirch, Weilheim, Würm-See, and Munich. From Zirl an excursion may be made to Martinswand and the Sollstein; to the Oetz Thal; or to Garmisch and Partenkirchen. Distance—Zirl to Innsbruck, 3 st.; to Nassereit, about 8 st.

*Conveyances.*—Diligences and stellwagens daily to all places on the post-road. To Reutte at six A.M.; fares about 2 fl. 12 kr.; to Innsbruck, 24 kr.



## GENERAL INFORMATION.

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### REQUISITES FOR A PEDESTRIAN TOUR IN TYROL.

Light knapsack, strong cotton umbrella, shooting jacket and waistcoat, each having several pockets; trowsers neither too thick nor too thin; three coloured shirts, three pair of thick worsted socks, silk pocket handkerchiefs, light or felt cap, double-soled hob-nail shoes; an extra suit would be an incumbrance, but an extra pair of trowsers might be useful; money bag, soap, large clasp knife, a foreign-office passport, visé for Prussia and Austria; pocket book, needles and thread, foreign letter paper, grease for bottom of socks, map of the Tyrol, and Continental Bradshaw. I believe Mayr's map is one of the best; Roost's is also very good. They can be had at Innsbruck, and doubtless at Munich, Stuttgart, Carlsruhe, and Ulm. If possible, take a little Austrian money with you from England. Change your money at Innsbruck, where you will find a banker a few doors from the "Goldene Sonne;" also a map seller nearly opposite. A thin mackintosh, tobacco pouch and pipe, brandy flask, and extra pair of shoes *ad libitum*.

## GUIDES—(WHEN REQUIRED.)

Over the Hoch Joch Ferner; over Monte Gavia; between Kals and Heiligen Blut; and thence on to the Pasterze Glacier, and to ascend the Gross Glockner.

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## TIME FOR TRAVELLING.

Best time between the middle of June and the end of September.

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## MONEY.

The best gold coins for the Tyrol are Prussian Friederichs d'or and Napoleons, the value of English sovereigns not being well known. The paper money is as follows:—"zehn kreuzer;" "ein gulden;" "zwei gulden;" "fünf gulden" and "reichs = schatzschein fünf gulden," and "zehn gulden, &c." The silver consists of pieces marked "20," called zwanzigers, and in South Tyrol and Italy, "lire," and pieces of "6 kreuzers." The copper money consists of pieces marked "1 kreuzer," "ein kreuzer," " $\frac{1}{2}$  kreuzer," " $\frac{1}{4}$  kreuzer," and 1 pfennig. The Friederich d'or is = to 8 gulden 10 kreuzers (münz). The sovereign = to 10 gulden, the Napoleon = to 8 gulden. The paper money marked "zehn kreuzer," passes for 12 kreuzers; that marked "ein gulden" (60 kreuzers) for 72 kreuzers, and so on in proportion. The paper marked "fünf gulden" being = to 6 Bavarian gulden. The silver pieces marked "20" (called zwanzigers) pass for 24 kreuzers, except in South Tyrol,

Carinthia, Styria, and Salzkammergut. Those marked "6" pass for 7 kreuzers; four of them are however = to 29 kreuzers. The copper money marked "1 *kreuzer*," is worth 1 kreuzer 1 pfenning, four of them being = to five of the kreuzers marked "*ein kreuzer*," and are called *schwere* or heavy kreuzers, although probably not so heavy as the pieces marked "*ein kreuzer*," and called *leichte* or light kreuzers. Four pfennings make 1 kreuzer. This is the usual way of calculating money, except where payment is required in C. M., (*convention münz*, or *schwere geld*), when the paper marked "*ein gulden*" passes for 60 instead of 72 kreuzers, the 20 kreuzer pieces for 20, instead of 24 kreuzers, and the 1 kreuzer pieces for 1 kreuzer. The traveller will do well to offer payment as if the demand were made in *schein*, or *bad money*, instead of *münz*. When he has to pay 40 kreuzers and changes a paper gulden, he will receive back 32 kreuzers. The Austrian gulden (60 kreuzers) is equal to 2s. English, but the people always reckon in Bavarian gulden, which are only worth 1s. 8d. English. N.B.—Tobacco is always paid for in C. M.

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## DIRECT ROUTES TO THE TYROL

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### ROUTE I.

London	....	Dep.	....	Rail and Steam	....	8.30 P.M.
Cöln	....	Arr.	.....			4.0 "
"	....	Dep.	....	Steamboat	....	9.0 "
Mayence	....	Arr.	.....			10.0 A.M.
"	....	Dep.	....	Rail	....	11.20 "
Mannheim	....	Arr.	.....			1.0 P.M.
"	....	Dep.	....	"	....	3.0 "
Heidelberg	....	Arr.	.....			3.36 "
"	....	Dep.	....	"	....	3.50 "
Bruchsal	....	Arr.	.....			4.44 "
"	....	Dep.	....	"	....	5.0 "
Easlingen	....	Arr.	.....			8.45 "
"	....	Dep.	....	"	....	6.10 A.M.
Friedrichshafen	....	Arr.	.....			1.20 P.M.
"	....	Dep.	....	Steam	....	3.15 "
Bregenz	....	Arr.	.....			5.0 "

N.B.—The distance from Bregenz to Innsbruck is 131 miles. The diligence takes about twenty-eight hours.

NOTE.—Compare this and the following Routes with last edition of Bradshaw's Guides.

## ROUTE II.

London	....	Dep.	....	} See Route 1. {	8.30 P.M.
Mayence	....	Arr.	....		10.0 A.M.
"	....	Dep.	....	Rail	10.40 "
Frankfort	....	Arr.	.....		11.45 "
"	....	Dep.*	....	"	4.45 P.M.
Aschaffenburg	..	Arr.	.....		7.5 "
"	..	Dep.	....	"	7.35 A.M.
Munich	....	Arr.	.....		9.30 P.M.
"	....	Dep.	....	"	6.15 A.M.
Starnberg (Würm-See)	}	Arr.	.....		7.15 "
"		Dep.	....	Steam	7.30 "
Seeshaupt	....	Arr.	.....		9.30 "

Distance from Weilheim to Innsbruck through Murnau, Partenkirchen, Mittenwald, Seefeld, and Zirl, 14½ G. M.

## ROUTE III.

London	....	Dep.	.....	8.10 A.M.
Dover	....	"	.....	11.0 "
Calais	....	"	.....	2.0 P.M.
Paris	....	Arr.	.....	10.20 "
"	....	Dep.	.....	6.0 A.M.
Strasbourg	....	Arr.	.....	10.0 P.M.
"	....	Dep.*	.....	Morning.
Freiburg	.. }	Arr.	.....	Afternoon.
(Breisgau)	.. }	Dep.	.....	Evening.

\* Or by Express (1st Class only) departure 7 A.M., arriving at Strasbourg at 4.35 P.M.

Schaffhausen ..	Arr.	.....	Morning.
„ ..	Dep.	.... Steamer ....	„
Bregenz ....	Arr.	.....	Evening.
OR,			
Strasbourg ....	Dep.	.....	7.40 A.M.
Bâle ....	Arr.	.....	11.35 „
„ ....	Dep.	.....	12.15 „
Baden ....	Arr.	.....	7.0 P.M.
„ ....	Dep.	.....	7.30 „
Zürich ....	Arr.	.....	8.15 „
„ ....	Dep.	.....	8.15 A.M.
Romanshorn ..	Arr.	.....	12.0 noon.
„ ..	Dep.	.... Steamer ....	*12.30 P.M.
Bregenz ....	Arr.	..... Say	3.0 „

\* Mondays and Thursdays, and at 1 P.M. on Tuesdays and Fridays.

N.B.—The railroad can be taken as far as St. Gallen, whence there is a diligence to Rorschach in 1 hour, and to Feldkirch in 5½ hours.

## TOURS IN TYROL, &c.

### TOUR No. I.

From six to eight weeks:—London by Paris or Cologne, to Frankfort, Munich, Innsbruck, Solstein, Schönberg, Ambras, Zirl, Martinswand, Umhausen, Oetz Thal and Gletscher, Meran, Hofer's Haus, Meran, Finstermünz, Wormser Joch (Monte Stelvio), Bormio, Tonale (Pass), Cles in Val di Non, Val di Non (Annone), Trient, Riva and Garda-See (Lago di Garda), Roveredo, return to Trient, Bozen, Castelruth; Grödner Thal (Val di Gardena), Enneberg (Gader Thal), Brunnecken in Puster Thal, Taufers, Antholz, Töflerecken Thal,

Windisch-Matrey, Pass St. Ruprecht, Heiligen Blut, Rauriser Tauern, Bad Gastein, Werfen, Pass Lueg, Abtenau, Gosau, Hallstädter-See, Aussee, Traunsee, Gmunden, Salzburg, Linz; Danube to Ratisbon. Diligence to Nürnberg—rail to Bamberg, Würzburg, Frankfort and Biebrich on the Rhine; or at Pass Lueg the traveller can proceed to Golling, Hallein, Salzburg, Chiem See, and Munich, and return by Augsburg and Ulm.

### TOUR No. II.

Salzburg, Gastein, Heiligen Blut, Winklern, Lienz, Windisch Matrey, Virgen, Tefferecken, Griesethal, Brunnecken, Taufers, Ziller Thal, Dux, Werberg, Innsbruck, Selrain, Kühethay, Oetz Thal, Passeyer (Hofer's haus), Meran, Ulten, Giudicaria, Condino, Val di Ledro, Riva, Garda-See, Torbole, Nago, Monte Baldo, Avio, Ala, Vallarsa, Terragnolo, Lavarone, Sette Comuni, Val di Sella, Borgo di Val Sugana, Fleimser Thal, Fassa Thal, Castelruth, Bozen, Brixen or Klausen, Innsbruck.

### TOUR No. III.

Munich by Starnberger-See and Partenkirch to Innsbruck; return to Munich by Hall, Schwaz, Achenthaler-See, Kreuth, and Tegern-See; or from Schwaz to Rattenberg, Kuffstein, Rosenheim and Munich; or Rattenberg to Hopfgarten, Kitzbühel, St. Johann, Lofer, Unken, Reichenhall, Berchtesgaden, Königs-See and Salzburg.

N.B.—The above three tours are all somewhat different to those given in the body of the work.

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## STEAMERS ON THE LAKES.\*

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**BREGENZ** to Constance, Friedrichshafen, Langenargen, Lindau, and Schaffhausen.

**CONSTANCE** to Bregenz, Friedrichshafen, Lindau, and Schaffhausen.

**FRIEDRICHSHAFEN** to Bregenz.

**LAGO DI GARDA**, daily, from Riva, at half-past six A.M. to Peschiera, stopping at Garda and other places; arrives at half-past ten, returns at two, and arrives at Riva at five. Fares there and back, four Austrian liv. and two ditto.

**SEESHAUPT** (Würm-See) to Starnberg (by Piesenhofen), on Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at ten A.M.; and (by Leone) on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at eleven A.M., and half-past four P.M., in two h.

**STARNBERG** (Würm-See) to Seeshaupt (by Leone), on Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays; and (by Piesenhofen) on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at half-past seven A.M., and half-past two P. M., in two h.

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\* For precise information as to time of departure of steamers, diligences, &c., see "Bradshaw's Continental Railway Guide," (last edition.)

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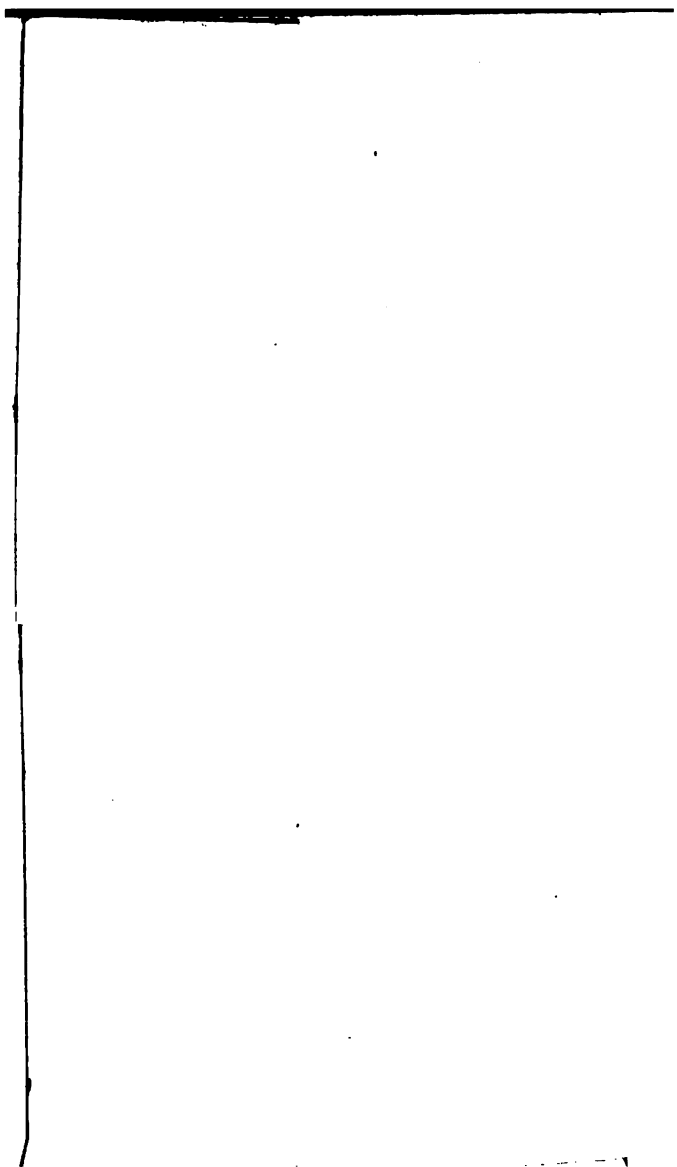
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